843

Æronaut.

September 6. 1822

A Ramble into the Infected District

by a medical Student

In a melancholy mood, one gloomy morning towards the latter end of August 1822, I bent my steps down Broadway towards what was then called the infected district The yellow fever had been raging for nearly a month in the lower part of the city, & the inhabitants had very generally removed to a healthier at

84761

morphere. My Fathers family with whom I then resided had also removed & were during that period located in Canal St somewhere near St Johns Church. I recollect spending a pleasant afternoon & evening there up in a little room in the third story, with the Confederates, on which occasion, if my memory serves me Brother Manton read a long rignarole account of some journey into foreign parts from which he had lately returned.

As I proceeded down Broadway the bustle & hum of business, which had been transfered to the upper part of the city, gradually faded on my ear. The throng of carriages & passengers became thinner & thinner, & at last the hurried tread of some solitary individual like myself alone resounded from the pavement. The City

Hall seemed to be the ultima thule of life & business. below all looked still & silent, & deserted. So deadly had the atmospheric power to many who had been but slightly exposed to it, that it was deemed the height of presumption to venture into it. But an anxious desire to see a sick friend, and to hear from one or two convalescent patients of my practice & England who had been taken ill that morning— & curiosity to revisit my old haunts led me to disregard personal safety. Besides, as I had previously been much exposed to the infection in my professional capacity, I felt confident that I was not very susceptible of it.

The first & most prominent object which struck my eyes as I proceeded down B. Way

was the large high board fence, which stretched directly across the way, from house to house near the head of Liberty St. Now a plain board fence being one of the commonest objects in nature, is the least likely to excite any deep feelings of the imagination, but associated as was this one with disease, and death, & desolation, & placed across the grand thorough fare of business, & pleasure, its incongruous appearance and melancholy cause of its erection, could not fail to render it an object of interest tho' at the same time of disgust aversion. It seemed a feeble barrier behind which some terrible, & unknown monster was lurking, ready to spring upon the unwary.

To escape the unpleasant feelings thus excited, I turned down Maiden Lane. The continuous row of

Hardware, jewelry, & fancy stores which stretched down this street, were all closed, & their glittering wares glittered no more in the sunbeam. The only shop which I observed open was that of Mr Ford the hatter. This worthy vender of beavers, was himself standing in the door, looking about him, & watching the clouds with the uneasy air of a seaman in a squall, or a deserted soldier at his post, who is about following the example of his run-away comrades. I suppose he was remaining to take care of his hats; for the matter of those he would sell, it was pretty evident that John might as well shut up shop.

I now turned instinctively down Nassau St. towards the office of Brother S. where I was frequently wont to

lounge away a half hour in social chat. Although I knew that it was now closed, yet, such is the force of habit, that a feeling of disappointment came across me when I realized the melancholy fact. A written paper announced to those who could read B. Lards crabbed hand, & would take the trouble to inform themselves, that he had removed to no Leonard Street Bob might as well have spared himself this trouble for I guess precious few came there to read it.

The old woman who keeps the cookey stall next to Brothers L. & C. grist & whose brats used so much to annoy the meditations of Mrs Campbell by their bawlings, still remained. But her apples had lost their fragrance, her fly-blown cookeys tempted no

passer-by, and her baked jears were withering on the broken plate which contained them. The guardian of the Hesperides seemed herself to have relaxed in her usual vigilance, and a starveling urchin, who was busy in filching a rotten peach from its nook, was suffered to carry off his prize unheeded.

Crossing Liberty St. I cast a look down towards my old home, but another ill-omened board fence bounded the prospect.

Grant Thorburn, the little horticulturist of Nassau St, I found still remaining & skipping about amongst his flower pots as lively as ever. He had determined he said to have out the disease, & to live or die with his darling plants. I sincerely hope his diminutive size may prove a protection to

him, & that when the folks return in the fall, they may not find poor Granby withered like Jonah's gourd, or drooping on his stem like a [illegible] nipt by untimely frost.

The Dutch church which stands opposite, (as it was a week day) offered nothing strange in its appearance; but the [illegible] the door of the vicar had stopped, the deep-toned bell forgot to peal the hour; it seemed as if Time itself had paused. The sign of the Black Bull (now at the Caledonian) alone had vanished from its station, & the inn was however open, curiosity prompted me to enquire where mine host of fiddling memory had fled to.

The barmaid, formerly the servant of the Scots-men, & which was wont to resound to the sprightly measures of Robbie & Jamie Jamieson, was deserted & still. A slovenly, slipshod damsel who

her hair about her shoulders, answered to my interrogatories that Mr Jamison had gone off the Town not withstanding but reported he was somewhere up in Greenwich. I crawled down Nassau St. Bell's tavern was also deserted; the new buildings at the opposite corner were at a stand; Isaac Philips & his flock had vanished & Bourcelle's young lad gone off with them. It seemed as if all things animate & inanimate, had been smitten by the stroke & done mightily flatly. When I reached the corner of Wall St. I seemed to be in the very heart of the solitude. Not a soul did I observe in any direction. It seemed to be midnight instead of noonday. I cast a look down Wall St & thought of the many pleasant hours we had passed together in Bertha Wards snug back room. As I gazed, I half expected to hear the clarion voice of the Vanpelt rooster break the woeful silence, & to see the reverend

form of our worthy Chairman issue from his den. But I listened, & gazed in vain, the Pumpels contain[ing] such a creature ever existed other [than] in the imagination of B. Lars I was dead or speechless. Had Brother Sam was at this present time at Schooleys mountains ri-ding on a side saddle along with his Brother Sam's wife, if his figure had met my gaze it could not have been him, but his ghost.

I proceeded down Broad St. but still there was the same melancholy, monotonous appearance of desertion, & solitude. Here & there perhaps there might be observed some vagabond fellow Loitering about as if planning some scheme of plunder, or seeking a hole to rest his weary head. In vgueny alas, we always be found where honest men are scarce [illegible]

Two females, sisters & widows, who had recovered from the fever & whom I had visited during their illness resided with their families in Beaver St. I called to see if they were still there. I found them the only inhabitants in the street. Several of their relatives and friends had fallen victims to the disease from which they had just recovered, & they themselves now looked pale & wan as two specters from the tomb. I asked them why they did not remove as all their neighbours had gone, they made some shuffling answer about the expense, & the danger of leaving their house exposed. But I soon found out that the chief obstacle to their departure was the want of mourning apparel, without which they said they could not decently appear before their friends in the country. And so rather than

that their wretched Pride should receive this slight wound, & these poor creatures continue to expose themselves & families to the pestilence which surrounded them. Alas! thought I for poor humanity! I urged them to remove, but have not yet learnt whether my arguments had any effect.

I now proceeded to the shop of Mr. Palmer to enquire after his brother Obi, who lay ill with the fever. There was nobody there but the shop boy & a woman customer who had come to get some castor oil, some camphor & some laudanum. With the volubility of her sex, she began to tell how she had been urged by her friends in the country to leave the city; but thanked her stars she would not be beholden to any one I was able to take care of herself. She said she thought the people were a pack of fools to leave their houses, for her part she didn't be-

the yellow fever was in town at all. Thought I, old woman if you get sick you'll change your tune.

I left the shop & went in a few doors farther to the house where Mr Helme lay sick. I met his brother Peter the Doctor at the door, who seemed in good spirits, & said he thought Mr was better. He asked me up to see him. On entering the sick chamber, the glassy red eye, the yellow skin & peculiar, indescribable expression of countenance immediately struck me as symptomatic of no ordinary degree of danger. I took him by the hand, it was burning hot. He watched my countenance with an expression of anxiety & apprehension struggling with native firmness of mind. I tried to utter some words of consolation, but my manner

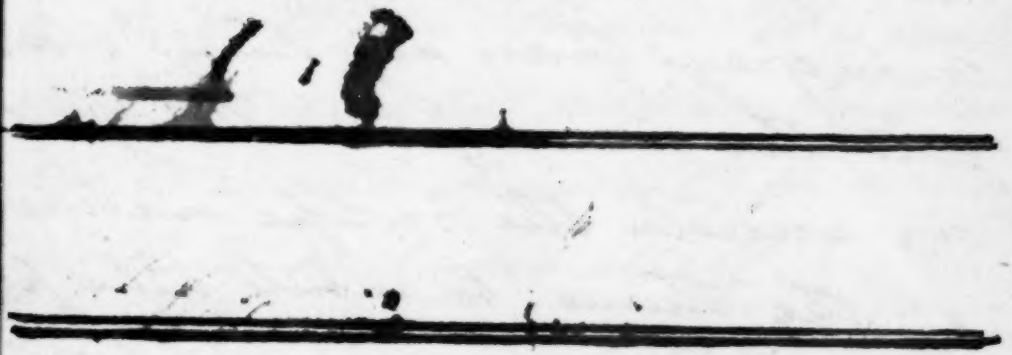
belied my speech, he squeezed my hand in silence, & I left him, being unwilling to prolong a conversation which could only be painful to both. Poor fellow! I never saw him more, he died a few days after.

I felt oppressed as I left the house & directed my steps towards the Battery to get a little fresh air. This spot had been connected with some of my pleasantest associations, from my earliest childhood. Here when scarcely emancipated from my pettiwats, had I gambolled & sported with my young companions. Here, on a holiday afternoon had I, many a time flown my kite, & engaged in all the games & sports of the school-boy. Often too, in the [illegible] boyhood had I come down here to wade thro' the snow, & engage in a pitched battle with snow balls, with

the Lanes & some rural school.
Here I've often grown to man's estate
Lead & taken many a pleasant walk
with my Brother Comfort. In a summer
evening after our meeting Lad broken
up, & sweetly discoursed upon our past
efforts & future undertakings. Many a
scheme for future renown & fame had
here been laid, which alack! I fear
will never be carried into effect.
Every thing here, seemed to be now changed
& altered. The grass was parched up
for want of moisture; the weather was
stilly & sultry thick clouds rolled over
head no rain ensued; not a breath of air stirred
calm & still & lifeless. It seemed
the awful pause preceding the shock
of the earthquake. But a living creature
was to be seen. On down the bay
he observed some little vessel rolling
in the calm, with sails flapping as if
panting for breath. The windows of the

houses in the vicinity were all fast shut
and it seemed as if not a mouse was
stirring in them. Every thing appeared
like the wild pageantry of some
gloomy dream, in which a different appe
is given to well known places, when the
mind is filled with vague apprehension
of impending danger; & the soul unc
tirely subdued, by a deep & dreary sen
of desolation. I felt sick at heart &
right glad was I to leave the place
& retrace my steps homewards, as fast
possible. My legrees & approached
haunts of men, & never did a poo
short experience more pleasure in
revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
than did I, at last behind
escaping from the prisoners air,
& gloomy scenery of the Infected
District.

THE AERONAUT.



In a desperate emergency we must do the best we can, and our conscience will not smite us although we effect nothing. I have nothing to say at present, and

holding it my duty to read an
essay, find I can do nothing
better, than to write about. Nothing
though the subject is worn threadbare. Nothing in fact has been
the subject or the substance, of
more essays than any thing else.
And this is not extraordinary, if
we consider the prolific nature
of the theme. Ex nihilo nihil fit,
as we construe it, is a libel on
the sublime topic of my discourse.
If nothing is eternal. but the divine
and the emanations of divine nature
are, the universe must have been
formed from nothing, which is therefore the common mother of creation.

But let us consider Nothing, in
its acceptation in common parlance,
where its preeminence is most clearly
illustrated. In the first place, it

is superior to its own essence, and
holds itself all bottom in the excel-
lence of its own attributes. Nothing
is clearer than the nothingness
of nothing; and nothing is better
than to say nothing, when you have
nothing to say. Herein it is greater
than the greatest elephant in the
world except himself; for nothing
actually surpasses itself.

This being the case it is not
wonderful, if it transcends all
other subjects, in those attributes for
which they are most remarkable.
Nothing is clearer than the spring
water, gushing from its secret
source in the bosom of rocks impe-
-vious to the sun. Nothing is
brighter than the midday beam
of the unclouded God of light. In
fact, Nothing is more amiable than

Brother Ward; more learned than Brother Eastburn; more comical than Brother Nelson.

How then shall we apostrophize this, than sublime individuality without identity; than that art like nothing, and yet possesses in a superior degree the qualities of every thing. If we conjure thee, thou comest, and yet nothing comes.

With what different emotions is thy name pronounced, on different occasions. When Brother Ward has assumed his official dignity and located his bottom on the chair of state, and acted each member of this airy confederacy in rotation, what he has to read, how doleful, how fraternally and is the response which most general.

ly follows — "Nothing." It is like a voice from the tomb, where Nothing abides eternally. How melancholy it is, to see Brother Nelson rummaging his pockets, and seeing that the contents are Nothing. And when Br. Ward & Nelson stands are pelting a moonlight walks along the romantic flags of Broadway, and feeling a certain something in their bowels which indicates oysters, tenderly enquire of each other, what money they have in their pockets; how solemn and dolorous is the result of their investigation, when it amounts to Nothing. Then it is, that Brother John sarcastically observes, that if he had some money he would treat us. Brother Ward

generously promises, that when he gets married, he will leave us to see him as often as his wife will let him. God forbid we should wait for visits so long, as till B Ward gets married.

On the other hand, when Judge Irving has been hearing interminable quibbles from the Mayor's Counsel Lawyers, how exceeding must it occasionally be to his fatigued understanding and worn out patience, to hear the counsel when time it is to speak last, say he has nothing to adde. When a pauper has been to get a lawyers advice on a small job, or a physicians prescription for a sick baby, how must his heart be occasionally delight-

tide by his asking what is to pay, by hearing the professional man reply "Nothing."

But alas! again, when a cold-victuals-begging comes for the accustomed dole to the cellar door, and the greasy fat cook who has saved her marks for the lie. nigger that comes to sleep with her o'nights, answers to the supplicating whine of the mendicant, "He got nothing for you" — accompanying the intelligence with some compliment to the life and talents of the petitioner, — what a revulsion of feeling takes place in the bosom of the latter; what a mass of desolation and utter misery; what an inanition yet

desperate appeal her feelings make to distributive providence; and how does the turn from the cold hooded charity of the world to the kind bosom of mother earth, and sigh for that dreamless sleep, which the alone can afford!

And when, urged by strong necessity or affection, we go daily to enquire news about something in which the vital interests of our fortunes or feelings are concerned, how melancholy is the monotonous answer — Nothing! — which keeps hope alive, but to cheat it more bitterly at last, and makes the heart sicken and sicken, till it will not break when the mournful truth come at last, but pines and withers

like the gold that hangs lon-
gest on the bough, till some
friendly blast sends it forever from
the dry and sapless branch.

Thus is this word Nothing
like old father Janus with his
double aspect - like a Tyrian
with a two fold tongue - like
the second planet in our system,
which sometimes rises as Lucifer
the harbinger of light, and some-
times follows the setting of sun
and glory. It is like the earth
with one black and one bright
side, like men with one seeing
and one blind side. And yet as
I said before it is like none of these
things, for it is like nothing at
all.

I cannot quit this sublime
and magnanimous theme, as

The Aeronaut.

I saw Pinland smile of the City of New York, without further observing, that man cannot make Nothing, any more than he can create matter. A perfect vacuum he can only come at by approximations, and the subtle element eludes all his efforts to produce its unequivocal absence. He can modify matter, but he cannot do any thing with nothing, which is in its nature dissociable, unique, unalterable.

It is certainly an unfortunate circumstance in human life that the beautiful illusions which adorn it in the eyes of youth & inexperience are so soon dispelled by reality. That suspicion should prevent enjoyment and that thorn

things from which we ex-
pected most should be tast-
less when within our grasp
one would have thought
that that the intricant & the
gay in prospect would have
equal charms when within
the reach that the anticipa-
tions for tomorrow would ~~can~~
~~expectation~~ be realized by the fact
that to attain those objects
which most excite the wishes
of men would be to gain
that felicity which we ob-
stain after but none of us
can reach. Of what avail
are the splendors or the
elegancies of life its refine-
ments its grandeur

what is there in superior intellect in high station in wealth or in power. Grand or Beautiful as they seem at a distance how completely do they fade on a near approach familiar with them once & the fine impression soon fades away. It matters not to what degree of elevation our views may be directed The Thrones of Kings & the paths of Heroes are equally barren when actually prospected & it is only the deception hope that each new object will exceed the last that can lead us on to try anew when ever that has proved but vain

that the undertaking as a means of enjoyment is useless & unavailing: We dread but no consolation from the attainment of our wishes & that not of a nature on which we should pride ourselves the reflection that we are placed above the vulgar multitude & that we are the objects of envy to all who have been unsuccessful. The thing is in itself perhaps little but from some of its incidents we derive a source of most incessable gratification: Why is it that human is thus constituted! Is it because

he might so soon become
satisfied with what he had
attained as to take from the
desire of action or is it because
he might attach himself
so strongly to the World as
to something to leave its enjoy-
ments. We would wish to
see them that complain of
the insipidity of our present
means of gratification that
all is doubtless ordered by
the best and that though
we cannot pretend to assign
reasons for every yet that
both the reasons above assigned
would be wise & satisfactory

to a more human Legislation.
Social Reform is every where
the movement on his behalf.
For instead of giving more
care and money for the support
of the Criminal than for
that of the Community. They
first had a share to perform
& can take to labour that the
society in which he lives
may be preserved & he in healthy
state and that he may give
to that society a compensation
for the support & protection
which it affords him or atone
them or something he ought
& cannot contribute in the
Spectacle which every week

regulates community ex-
: whatever it general plan
& outline there is something
about us interesting in the
execution of the parts.
which the different individ-
uals in it perform & the
manner in which each
is useful to the whole. While
in the pursuit of their several
objects in life here are
each attracted from the
general results of their labors
in their immediate conse-
quences to themselves each
one is adding something
to the common stock. Not-
ing is lost nothing but less

the fruits of goodness in the
human heart the sweets & bene-
-ficial effects the motives which
impel to exertion. The man
who devotes his life engaged
in the pursuit of fortune he
who asks for fame in pub-
-lic employment the lady
of employments the professions
of men we who command success
& the public with our Eyes
& our hands are useful to
the great whole in which
they form a part. How
then would it be if each
person with what they have
attained from Providence
were active from the very

in their labours. If one instead
of seeking to become rich
should be content with a
competency. If the contributing
man should be satisfied
with a single display of his
power & the mechanic
& the labourer should yield
up his hammer & his
plough. If professional men
should soon leave their stations
& if we should retire from
the field when we have
already afforded so much
encouragement & instruction
to pleasure with what they
have accomplished Jones

were to proceed indefinitely in their general occupations. It would be that society would be injured that the life & the vigor that pervades the whole while all are active in their pursuits would be in a great measure withdrawn & that little worth keeping would undoubtedly we might all be contented & satisfied with our lot.

This is however but a digression from the subject so far as it intends only to the gratification of our curiosity. The effort to satisfy

them, would spring from the mere exertion of their powers analogous to brutal instinct and sagacity. The brute is satisfied with the acquisition of those necessities, of which he feels the want. His labours end and the patient beaver provide for the future with a careful hand - but beyond a sufficiency they know nothing. Ambition and avarice are passions known only to reasoning man, and though the best results of their reason are, that all beyond what is essential to his wants and his comfort, proves but vanity and vexation of spirit, he still accumulates wealth, in order to increase his cares, and grasps at the

pleasures of power and of pride,
to realize substantial evil, by
bringing on himself misery and
disgrace and degradation.

The reasons assigned for
these apparently inconsistent
principles of our nature, in
the beginning of this essay,
and which are the best that
can be given for them, may
shed light why they are permitted
in the moral government of
the world, by the almighty.
Their ~~cause~~ ~~a~~ ~~virtual~~ secondary
causes are assigned in
their tendency in the variety
of this life - but the meta-
physical origin of their exis-
tence seems to lie deeper,
than either philosophy or
religion have yet traced.

To Patrony-

Man is naturally a
busy animal. So soon being
to Society, want and ambition
with their various modifica-
tions, perpetually goad him
on to some new enterprise.
He has his actual and re-
lative wants. The former
urge efforts necessary to sup-
port existence; the latter to
maintain a manner of living
equal to that of his associates.
Again he has, or thinks he
has some peculiar faculty,
superior in degree to that of
many around him; and the
consciousness, or conceit of pos-
sessing such a quality, neces-
sarily involves the desire of put-
ting it to some use. Why does

the Lion delights to shew his strength, the cock his boldness of soaring in the air, or the greyhound his fleetness, although neither urged by immediate want to the exhibition of their several faculties. Who does not glory in displaying the talents he possesses, however empty and evanescent some of the rewards of his labour. It is the pleasure of feeling his own strength.

Labor ipse voluptas.

And thus, whatever modification his ambition assumes, whether it be the appetite for wealth, praise or dominion, he is only urged by every successful effort, to a new trial of his skill.

Labor ipse voluptas.

Virgil.

Every man builds his own Babel in his imagination; and though we read but of one Alexander, who wept at the termination of his toils, could all our wishes be gratified we should all sit down in despair, and if we did not cry for our pastime, we should probably howl for our mortification. Some necessity must perpetually urge on Man, to make this life not being at all tolerable.

And yet, as we said before, Man is naturally of an indolent habit, and dreads the alternation of his wishes. A quiet haven forms the bounds of the aerial peoples: five, with which fancy decorates

her picture of the ocean of life.
We lay out our chart, and we
provide ourselves with tackle
and apparel, helm and com-
:pass. Perhaps our frail bark
escapes every whirlpool, and
triumphs over every wave. Our
reckoning is right, and by it
our voyage is completed. But
where is the haven of rest?
Like the Island of Flathomin's
it still and does us in the dis-
:tance. We will not take in
our canvass - but still think
there is better anchorage beyond,
and then unless we are carried
driven about a battered hulk,
at the mercy of winds and waves
or stranded and left to rot
in the sand, we still point
our prow to some distant
point and woo every favorable

Having occasion yester-
day to go to the City Hall & being
always fond of company in my
walks I stopped at Brother Robs
in Leonard Street to ask him
to go down with me. I found
John Campbell with Rob & after
having a few minutes in
order to consider the provisions
upon the subject Rob concluded

to walk with me & Campbell took his leave to go out to his Home near Bloomingdale. It was about 8 o'clock when we set out a good hour it is said for approaching the infected district & we went our way to the Hall without stopping excepting to speak a moment with the Bar Keeper at Washington Hall. When we arrived we found a number of people busily engaged in reading the reports of Fever in the Bulletin & the we found the number of cases we stopped for a moment

to gather more precise information from this probably the most authentic source. Seven persons were reported as ~~being~~ rich & our curiosity being satisfied we proceeded to the office of the Clerk of the Common Pleas where I had a little business to transact Here we met Mr. Dean the deputy Clerk Mr. Lowndes the under Sheriff & a gentleman whom I did not know who said he owed Bob 18 pence but having nothing less than a Quarter of a dollar Bob borrowed six pence of me to make change & has not yet repaid me.

I finished my business & was about taking leave when Sir Kepson came in who is defending a suit Rob brought against Duse -berry for charity Lloyd. They exchanged a few words in a gentlemanly about the Idea in this suit & then we all fell into a conv -ersation upon general Lu points & afterwards just to pass the churches of w of our brethren of the Bar. The particular object of curiosity was one Burr a man it is said of some standing in former times who was refer

presented as being an very contemptible fellow & a great scoundrel to boot. We were told many incidents of this man tending to prove him wanting in every virtue, a liar a profligate & a perjured villain. But they are generally so well known & the character of the man so fully understood that it is unnecessary to repeat any of them here. Nor is it necessary to mention the other instances of fraud & imposition mentioned to us of other members in the Inspection. We are already

sufficiently before the public &
for me can unwilling further
to expose the Imposition by
entering into any details of
the arts which some of its
members practise. No sect
no Imposition can expect to
be freed from the mischiefs
of wicked men however
much we may wish to
justify them. Every man
must stand upon his own
merits & as no Imposition is
so secure as to degently him
from the mere fact of his
belonging to it he must
depend upon his own

professional virtues for his professional character & upon his merits in the relations of life & habitual conduct in society.

Looking from the Hotel we could distinctly see the close high board fences that seperate the upper part of the City from the infected City District it was a melancholy thought that we were shut out from our usual haunts & that the pleasantest part of the City was now the resort of thieves & vagabonds

generally cowardly but not afraid when they cannot see a danger & impelled by the worst of passions now to carry off & to destroy. In the grass was growing in the streets & that the grass the fashionable places of resort where now abroad by abandoned & deserted. We saw no living soul further down than on account of the desolation which [illegible] it seemed as if the houses & streets were in mourning for the

for their inhabitants or doing
penance for [redacted] crime.

Our acquaintance
at the Hall seems to
partake fully in the general
alarm & to be heartily desirous
of abandoning a place so
near the District. I have
indeed heard that the corpo-
ration intended moving the
whole structure to some
place near the Circus but
as this appears to be a pretty
serious undertaking I am
rather inclined to think it
was mistake & that they
will be satisfied for the

prevent with abandoning
it alto-togethe & with reluc
new locations at some
healthy part of the city tha
they may return to their old
quarters with impunity. I
have heard too that the
members of that honorable
body had proposed quitting
the City & leaving the inhabita
to their fate & some of have
thought that we should do
quite as well without them
If they have formed any
such resolution I trust that
will consider well before the
carry it into effect. For what

would become of us if our
wise Mayor should betray
his trust & our Potent Alder-
men should fly from the
field of battle should we
not be yielded up to utter
destruction. Would not all
our wholesome Laws fall
to the ground & we be expo-
sed to be robbed burnt & to
be utterly destroyed. As I believe
our Corporation to be the wisest
purest & most illustrious body
on earth so I am confident
that will stick by this ark is
blue & never quit the City
while there is a man left

in it to protect or a night
house standing to be rem
when we are all dead &
the city is gone they may go
& be damned to them

Rob & myself after
we had finished our busi
walked up & were glad to
we arrived to a part of Broad
where we could meet
men walking about as usu
& find something like the
air of spirit & animation
which generally pervades
all parts of this great
metropolis

Read

Returned to Mrs Brown
52 Wall St N.Y.

From the mouth of a gloomy cavern at the foot of an abrupt precipice, which reared aloft its craggy head on the southern shore of the isle of Jamaica, stalked forth, one clear moonshiny night, a tall & strange looking figure. His person brawny, & naked with the exception of a piece of sail cloth tied around the middle, was of such a jet black that it was invisible as he stood in the mouth of the cave,

and it was not until he had advanced into the broad moonshine that the contour of his figure might be discovered. His firm step, his lofty stature, (for he stood on his bare feet at least six feet & a half) & proud carriage proclaimed him to be of no mean lineage. His hair was short and curled, his eyes sparkled and gleamed with innate brightness, and the moonbeam that quivered upon his large grinders was reflected with undiminished radiance. He might have been some Apollo Apollo wending forth from his nocturnal abode upon some damned deed of darkness and grameyne: He might have been some love stricken hero of chivalry, who having run wild

among rocks & woods, in a melancholy & gentleman-like mood, had become somewhat tanned by the tropical sunbeams. he might have been a sable Demosthenes at his exercitations on the sea sands. or he might have been what in truth he really was, a sculking run-a-way negro, who preferred liberty & starvation to slavery among the fleet pots. But Magician, or knights or run away negro, he was in truth a personage that few would look upon without remembering, and still fewer, having once seen would like to meet again in a solitary place. Some strong emotion seemed to agitate his frame. The huge mass constituting his boom, heaved with convul-

dire efforts, like those of the giants
of older time under the uncom-
fortable covering of mountains
which haste Jupiter had heaped
upon them. He swayed his huge
arms around his trunk, like the
sails of a windmill, and ever and
anon plucked whole handfulls
of wool from his grizzly top-knot.

He gazed not upon the moon
which was riding in stilly love-
liness through the clear empy-
rean above; he gazed not upon the
ocean whose waves rolling easily
on towards the shore, broke in a
thousand diamond drops at his feet;
nor did he gaze at the earth
which seemed to rock & quake
beneath his heavy tread; but with

a twist of the cervical vertebræ, &
a countenance where rage, scorn,
fury, & utter indignation seemed
concentrated into one malign
expression he gazed upon his left
shoulder-blade, & stammering &
stuttering with passion gave vent
to his feelings in his native dia-
-lect.

"Dire print- dire finger stamp-
dire hell dire marks- agues &
blisters- cramps & spasms- aches &
pains- still is my disgrace before
my eyes- Darkness cannot hide
it- Dire cannot obliterate it- still
does the contaminating blow of the
cream faced recht burn on my
shoulder- Dire cannot destroy it-
The Ocean cannot wash it out-
God of my native land must I
remember! Hear it Orkney-

Whidaws royal son has been degraded by a blow - Oh Accompong how long shall vengeance be delayed - how long like hunted ajon son must I rot in this accursed hole, while Sahara's wastes & Dahomay glow in the ruddy sunbeam - Blood & vengeance Fire & Fury - Oh! Oh! Oh!

Here the impassioned soliloquist renewed his gesticulations with tenfold vigor, & like a lion lashing himself into a fury with his tail increased his walk to such a pitch by his writhings & contortions, that the sweat rolled down his flanks in a briny stream, & mingled with the foam of the ocean which laved his feet.

After having cut divers capers which his passion suggested and put himself into as many

strange attitudes as did the va-
-lorous knight of La Mancha in
the Sierra Morena, he at length
became exhausted by his exertions,
& seating himself on a fragment of
grey rock, he scratched his head &
seemed lost in deep thought.

Presently a figure was observed slowly
moving along the shore among shrubs, &
weeds of stunted growth which skirted
the foot of the precipice. Ho! who
goes there? exclaimed our hero, starting
up and seizing his club. Then as if
recognising the object of his attention —
Ah Swan — Knowest thou chief well met
what news. how speeds our plot.
how many more have leagued with
our brave band?

The personage thus addressed was a
short, squat, bandy legged blackamoor,

with thick curly beard & mustachios,
a mouth from ear to ear, & a slight
squint out of one eye. His costume
was more complex & arranged with
greater taste than that of the stout
gentleman just described. A sort of
short tunic of green grass was girded
around his loins with a belt of the
same material; a Bandana hand-
kerchief tied in a knowing manner
graced his head, while a mall jug
of his own swathy hue, swinging from
one side of his baldrick, & a musical
stringed
instrument commonly called a banjo
depending from the other, proclaimed
him to be a votary of both Bacchus
& Apollo. There was withal a cer-
tain indescribable air of self conceit
in this youth, & a glittering twinkle from
his whole eye, which together with

his musical instrument, would easily have led one to imagine that he had taken a sup at the fountain of Hippocrene, and cut a gambade on some tawny Pegasus.

It will be proper before proceeding further, to give our readers a small sketch of the history of these two worthies. Gogmagog, (the person first introduced) had been in former times, & is at present, the heir apparent to the throne of the Widdaws, a savage & warlike race of people in the interior of Africa. A fierce & quarelsome tribe, it followed as a matter of course, that they were in a perpetual state of warfare with their neighbours, the most of whom possessed to the full the same neighbourly spirit.

Many bloody battles were fought,
in which Gogmagog, who from his
preeminent size & strength was a very
devil on these occasions, generally
headed the troops of his royal sire,
& acquired lots of glory & now & then
a broken head, not to mention many
severe thumps & bruises, which he val-
-ued no more than flea-bites.

In time, he became by his prowess
the very Hector, & scare-crow of those
parts & the stoutest heart would
quail at the bare mention of his
name. The prisoners who were taken
on both sides in these rencounters
were usually lugged down to the
coast without respect to persons, &
bartered to the Guinea-men who
swarmed as here for the charitable
purpose of ridding the country of those

persons who could not live peaceably at home. And frequently after some great battle, some of princes & warriors who had been opposed to each other in the field, were stowed away like the rival dignitaries of the chess-board at the conclusion of the game into the close & filthy hold of a slave ship. Many a sturdy warrior had been consigned to this young Japhet by the vigorous arm of Gog magog: and victory so long attended his footsteps that he fell into the common mistake of successful heroes, & began to deem himself invincible.

But every dog has his day, & that of the Whidaw chieftain was a short one. In a desperate engagement with an army of Koromantyns, his ardent valor led him into the very midst of

the enemy's ranks. The few who had followed him were cut or rather knocked down with the war clubs of their adversaries, & Gyogonagoy hemmed in & surrounded on all sides was overpowered by numbers & made captive.* ~~Great was the rejoicings of the victors on the occasion.~~ Having gratified the curious rabble of the different towns & villages through which they carried him, by a sight of the bugbear which had so long been terrified them, their terror, they took him down to the shore and sold him for a high price to a Guinea trader, who, when he learnt his high origin, & indomitable character, duely observed as he ordered him down below that he would soon take the

* In vain did the infuriated chief kick & struggle, & bellow like one of the bulls of Bashan. His captors, overjoyed with their good fortune, strove to outvie each other in dosing him out bangs & buffets, & amply repaid all the good drubbings they had at divers times received at his hand.

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conceit out of his royal hide.

The person whom Gogmagog addressed by the name of Druaw, had also been a great man in his own country. He had been a lover of harmony from his youth upwards, and from his skill on the banja, and the extemporaneous effusions of his muse, had long been esteemed a seer. Hafed by the black

beauties whose charms he celebrated.
He was a Honorary by birth, & had been in many battles against the Whidaws who were the ancient foes of his tribe. Quan was not particularly esteemed by his countrymen for his pluck in these contests & it had even been remarked that he was usually often the last in an attack, & the first to retreat.
However, if not valorous himself he was at least the cause of valor in others, for he could draw such spirit-stirring notes on the violin, & thump his goombay with such vigor, that like Tyrtaeus of old, he never failed to rouse his warriors to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.
But Fortune like Death, looks

down alike upon the craven, & the brave. As Lucan was one day guarding a charge in the rear of the army, & as he thought out of harms way, a party in ambush made an attack upon their flank & carried off our musician in their retreat. At first he made a great blubbering on the occasion, & begged his captors in strains that would have melted a rock, to permit him to take a last farewell of his dear wife & four lovely babes the image of their sire; but they laughed at his tears & kicked him for a cowardly dog. Finding that resistance & entreaty were alike in vain with philosophic acquiescence he gave up the attempt, & striking a few melancholy notes on his guitar calmly resigned himself to his fate.

It chanced that he & Gomazoy were both sold to the same slave dealer, and like a couple of rival cocks whom the cowgirl's housewife had by their eternal bickerings, has consigned to captivity, & who find themselves corped up in a cage whose narrowness prevents the prosecution of their ancient feuds; so did our warring priest and lay side by side in the filthy crowded hold of a slave ship.

A favourable breeze soon sprang up, & with a hundred wretched fellow sufferers they were wafted from all the objects of their affection & Latred, from the scenes of their childhood & their battle plain, from their homes & their country which they were never more

to visit. I shall not attempt to describe their sufferings on the passage. humanity would sicken at the recital. Suffice it to say, they drank the bitter cup to the dregs; & as from time to time, the bodies of those who had died of diseases engendered by the gaseous atmosphere in which they were immersed, or who wasted away, & pined & sickened from despair, suddenly plunged into the wave, the survivors raising a horrible shout of exultation, would beg, with frightful earnestness, a like exemption from suffering -

Vicinity & adjacency quickly make men intimate, and Gogmagog & Luan, soon became bosom friends. They were among the few

who survived the passage, and were both sold on their arrival at Jamaica, to an eminent planter by the name of Zachary Bradshaw.

It is customary, on these occasions, as if Slavery had not done enough in the thrall of their bodies, to change even the names of the miserable captives, and Gogmagog, I know not by what process of transmutation, was softened down into the more harmonious appellation of Cæsar, and Quaw received the high sounding cognomen of Pompey. By these appellatives as more euphonious we shall in future speak of them.

The whole lot was now put upon the plantation, and presently, by virtue

of the overseers lawes, were initiated into all the mysteries of their agricultural pursuits. Pompey who was naturally of a pliable & complaisant disposition, after a few tastes of the instrument of flagellation, gradually became accustomed to his new state, & fell into the routine of his labour like a well disciplined cart horse. But Adam whose dainty hide had not yet been violated by the whip of the overseer, who perhaps saw something dangerous in his ferocious eye, & felt scruples at cooperating the huge chief performed his daily task with the energy of one who strives to avoid something worse than death. He was however too wild & fierce

in his character, to rest content in his situation. In the stillness of night the remembrance of his former condition would stung his soul to agony. He would then give vent to all the fury of his feelings & calling upon his native gods, with dreadful imprecations would lay deep plans of revenge & Liberty.

He saw that Pompey, whose musical powers, & insinuating manners had rendered him a great favorite with the other negroes, would be a fit tool to aid him in his designs. He accordingly set him to stir up their minds to make an attempt for liberty. Several meetings were held in the most secret manner, & a number

had bound themselves by oath
to obey the orders of Adam, and
to sacrifice every thing for their
freedom. Things were in this condi-
tion when Adam, who with great
cunning had veiled his intrigues
by a redoubled assiduity at his
tasks, was one day ordered from
the field where he worked to
attend as a domestic in the house
of his master. Zachary had
observed his diligence, & being struck
with his gigantic figure, thought
that such a Hercules would be
no bad addition to the body guard
that usually waited on his person.

As this office was much lighter
than the laborious occupations of the
field, it was generally coveted by
the lazy negroes; but to Adam

whose proud soul revolted at such menial degradation, it was misery & purgatory. With the hope of fortifying his designs, he however smothered the indignity, & with a fortitude of Scaeva in his Land diligently followed his new employment of guarding the sacred body of Buddha, from the perfidious assaults of musquetos, gnats & other insects which infest the air of warm climates.

As he was one day waving his Scaeva far gracefully over Lachan who according to custom, was taking his afternoons nap after a hearty meal, a large gallinipper unperceived by Adam ensconced himself behind a wart which ornamented his masters nose, and inflicted such

a sense stung as made Zachary start from his slumbers & rave & dance like one possessed. In the ecstasy of his passion he gave Adam a blow on his shoulder, which as high as he could reach & cursing him for a clumsy brute bade him quit his presence incontinently.

The indignation of Adam was raised to a desperate pitch at this sudden & unexpected attack, & regardless of consequences he was on the point of felling the tyrant to the ground. The hope of a more ample vengeance restrained his arm, & with passion boiling in his soul he departed.

The nose of Mr Bradshaw became turnid to an alarming degree, &

the overseer was directed to give
Cudjoe a dose of the cat. Cudjoe
had an idea that the flaying of
his back could benefit his master's
nose, & if he had, he would have
been Laelaps in the clutches of fifty
devils sooner than have submitted
voluntarily to the operation. He
accordingly absconded that very
night, & diving into the fastnesses
& wild dells which abound in the
southern part of the island, skulked
about from hole to hole, & con-
-trived to elude the search of his
pursuers.

As often as he dared, he held
intercourse in the most secret
manner, with the disappointed negro
whom he had drawn into his plot,
& the Maroons

and had frequent meetings with Pompey, who by his cunning, had ingratiated himself with his masters, & obtained more liberty than the others.

This Pomp's longing for freedom, & desire to revisit his native land was almost as strong as that of Adam. He was one of those cautious calculating characters, who are fond of uniting the tuto with the jucunde, & is common parlance who always look well on which side their bread is buttered. He was none of your rash, hot-brained fools who stake all upon a single throw & are ready to abide the consequences should Fortune declare against them. He was always for having a back door to escape by in case of emergency. At the present occasion

it was his determination to play his
cards in such a manner, that if
Adam failed & succeeded in his plan
[which were no less than to attack &
burn Bradshaws house, & massacre all
who should oppose them] his own
beloved self might come off with a
whole skin. & case he espoused
either side openly there would be
danger. If he refused to join Adams
gang, or should become suspected of
giving any hint of their proceedings
to the owners, the fee simple of
his life he well knew would be
of small value. On the other hand
if Adam should prove unsuccessful
and he be found in his company
hanging & gibbetting would be but
a small idea of his recompence.

His own wishes led him to favor
the cause of ~~the Americans~~ Virginia, for besides his
natural love of liberty, he had
a sneaking regard for Again
determined to keep in with them
until something further occurred,
and if Fortune smiled upon their pro-
jects, meant to appropriate all the
advantages & not a little of the
merit to himself. If her Ladyship
should prove adverse, by a timely
discovery & by slipping the necks of
his friends into the noose, he was in
hopes of being able to slip his own
out, & to escape the high honor of
edifying the curious by a dance upon
nothing, or of making a public exhi-
bition of his person in the company of
a stake & bundle of faggots.

He accordingly put a bold face
upon the matter, when he met Adair

on the throne & replied to his vile
-royalties, that a hundred had taken
the deadly oath, & dank'd the blo-
-dy wafer.

"Brave spirit!" exclaimed Adam
with enthusiasm, grasping Pompey's
hand & squeezing it violently.
"Vengeance is thine almost ripe, soon
will it break in thunder on the
tyrant-head. The flames of his dwel-
-ling, the shrieks of his child ren shall
teach the Latin dog, to insult a
Widow's tear. Our royal self shall
lead the army & you Roxmanix
have a place of honor in the van.

Pompey would willingly have
declined the honor, but he saw
that this was no time to expos-
-tulate or shew any symptoms of
backwardness. Any thing to obli-

"Master Gogmagog" was his reply, but any thing to keep a whole skin was his internal resolve.

"But speak out man" quoth Adam who saw that Pompey hesitated in his replies, "are they all resolved, all ready to die in the glorious cause they have espoused?"

"Why yes" replied Pomp "so they say."

"So they say! echoed Adam, & so they will. I tell you what Quaw you seem to hang astern in this business. But beware - Cockbell says you are hankering after that Elve slave of Bradshaws, & that you often crook your elbow when you are out skimming your banja, & Shindecanta tells me you are always carrying fawn with Shinglint, & Quaw can there is no more faith in you than in a flayed skunk"

Corbobel his d Shindecanta is
a bloody rascal & be d—d to him
exclaimed Pomp with vehemence. by
I do curry favor with Shinglist
d no it to advance our cause.
and that Shindecanta used to be
the most notorious liar & escape-
gallows in all Adra. Why d
remember when he used to be
kicked about the streets of Popo
like an old shoe."

Well well, no slander Quaw.
but d— me if you had'nt better
have your throat thrittled at once
for prove traitor to our cause.
But I do think me to might suppl
& seek from Majumba the chief
which will ensure success. Farewell
but mind your eye— no blabbing.
Be secret & true & by saying he

ontent a rift of the rock, which with
many rugged jinks & windings led
to its top, & was soon lost to the
astounded musicians eyes.

Read

Return to me Brown
52 Nassau St N.Y.

THE AERONAUT.

An apology for an Essay

I have entered into an agreement with Brother Nelson, that whoever of us does not read a number of the Aeronaut, shall pay to the other a dozen of oysters, and in case neither should read anything, each of us should

feat ourselves. Thus as I cannot afford to stuff his bread basket with such delicacies, and should be sorry that by this fatting advantage of the saving clause, the Confederacy should lose a fine specimen of his intellectual capabilities, I present them with this number. It is true I have no subject on which to descant: and if I had, I have no time to reflect, make historical and philosophical researches, digest the whole soundly, and express it in a chaste and nervous diction thereafter, embellishing it with proper illustrations, and garnish

ing it with the figures of gram-
mar and eloquence. But a
number is a number, though it
be but a feed; and no man is
obliged in this confederacy, to
spin out his own brains, for
lack of matter. This is a dan-
gerous practice, and very delc-
terious in its effect, both to
the health and morals. It
is wasting the principal of
our intellectual mean; and
takes a long and careful appli-
cation of the interest after-
wards, to make up the defici-
ency. None of us, not even
Counsellor Haines or the other
worthies of the old forum, not
even Lenny Paulding or

Colonel Gardiner, bear the gift of inspiration. Neither Nature nor the God of nature ever communicated to us any original ideas, fit for revelation. Of our own natural perceptions, we can communicate nothing more than the stuttering infant, or the unconscious embryo, yet in the belly of its mother. We must know some facts, or which we can reason by induction; or some grand principles, from which we can draw a logical conclusion. Young men should read a hundred pages at least, for every one they write, or they will only delude their

brains, and make a wishy washy of them, neither strong nor palatable.

The very elaborate and ingenious essay, with which Brother John intends to favour us to night, was not produced like Minerva from the head of Jove, by Brother John's working his own pate. No — it is the result of years well employed in perusing the works of learned men, in all ages, countries and languages; it has cost many an hour's reflection, and much wear and tear of the brain, besides actual monies disbursed for candles and ~~tallow~~ lamp oil, by his father, himself, or the old

York Hospital. Yet, though one upon looking at its dimensions, and hearing Brother John read it in ten minutes, might think it but a small result for so much time and expense, let no man therefore think the pursuit of poetic letters unprofitable, and neither useful nor ornamental. His essay will be immortal, and will help to immortalize its author. And I pray Brother John to take to it this my commentary and explanations as it were, that I may be immortalized along with him. While his statute shall occupy a niche in the triumphal temple of fame, let me be sculptured in

has relief on the pedestal, in an agreeable posture, not squatting if it can be avoided, nor lying prostrate; but either supine, or erect. While the acclamation of reason shall ring Brother Johns name through the resounding halls and arches of long futurity, he mine be guarded on the dying notes of the strain, and crowned with the sonorous deity. I only a shreds of Brother Johns Canvas; a scrap from his curtain robes, if it be only a tatter to wrap round my middle. That Cotton Tatter up with this, them bedabbled out of my eyes; and I reflect with joy, on the probable:

: by that our grateful confederates
on account of their splendid efforts
with which we have favoured
them, will subscribe to treat us
both.

here, until we are caught among the ice in the frozen sea of death, drift to piecy and submerge — to live no more for ever.

Yes — rest is proposed as the bourn of our labours — but there is no resting place for the ~~will~~ of our portion, until the spirit returns to the arbiter from whence it flew — to God who gave it. And we return to the dilemma with which we started, with little edification by an increase of knowledge. Reason and mind tell us we have chosen why it is so; but are still in the dark as to the cause why is it so. We seek for an object, on the attributes and associations with which we predicate happiness. The object is attained; it brings with

it all the practical conveniences & agreeable circumstances we had anticipated, but the ideal has fled from the scene, and the substance we are soon ready to pronounce "stale, flat and unprofitable." We seek for a situation in which we shall be at rest, from the turmoil of business, the calls of necessity, the vicissitudes of passion; we attain it, and we are still uneasy. The disease is in our own mind — "Man never is, but always to be blest." What is the origin of this disease? asks the Epicurean. He will tell you, that the fortuitous combination of elementals has produced a being fugitive in his purposes, subject to every variable impulse, and driven as apparently contradictory currents, as the particles of

which he was combined. Ask the Pythagorean. He will say that the Soul has past through varie: ties of being already, and must impregnate many more systems of matter, before it attains its goal - hopping perhaps from the oyster to the chrysalis, thence successive series of animals, rea: soning and godlike intelligences - perhaps travelling from planet to planet - and that, in its every residence, its wandering denies indicate its wandering destiny. Ask the Calvinist. He will tell you, that its every desire is impiety, however hallow: ed by the names of duty, affec: tion, love or friendships, and that a disobedience committed six thousand years ago, is the

sole and satisfactory reason of all the apparently inconsistent principles in our nature. Ask the Mussulman — "God is great, he will reply; and will ascribe all his own vagaries to the irresistible impulse of fate.

Still human reason is in the dark. The result of a reasoning, aspiring, conscious immortal principle fast bound and struggling matter; a million fold metempsychosis of the same sentient, undying thing, still forgetting its previous stage of being; a physical inability to perform, what we are to be damned for not doing, while we cannot understand ~~it~~ what we are to do without a faith miraculously vouchsafed; a fatal accep-

-ity which we all in God created us blindly to struggle against — then an explanation equally incomprehensible, and deeping the darkness they would shine to irradiate.

Where comes the ideal which vanishes when we enter its located precincts, as the misty scene on the mountain seem to recede as we climb amidst their wreathed and billowy volumes? If we have no innate ideas, and only found our hopes on what we see, why are our hopes always deceived when we realize all that we have seen? If the soul indeed preexisted — have any of the paradisial visions of our first parents formed a portion of their descendants'

mental inheritance; or is any
scheme of anticipation fancy
tinged with hues borrowed from
the unknown but glorious world
beyond the grave, for which
the savage and the sage alike
hope, when the troubles and
doubts of time are forever
quieted by the spell of death.
The first idea, of a preexistent
state, connected in some degree
with the metempsychosis,
and so much at variance
with the notion of original
sin, has been finely expressed
by Wordsworth —

Our birth is but a sleep and a
forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's
star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

We might quote a great deal from this beautiful Ode; but this essay has grown already most unconscionably long; and we have some thought of writing a separate paper on the subject we have now got upon; in which we intend to treat of the ceremony of Hus=
=kanawing among the Indians of North America, by which a boy is made to forget all he previously had thought or known, and is supposed to be instructed in visions as to his future career in life. This will be a very profound

and mistified performance, which we advise all to read, who can read, as soon as it appears; forewarning them however, that owing to the darkness of the subject and the want of adaptation to their own intellectual faculties to the degree of metaphysical obscurity in which they will be enveloped, it is not very probable that they will understand any thing about it.

The other possible cause alluded to, as giving a color to our dreams of the future, have been alluded to by an American writer of whom, of no great celebrity.

"It that the soul during a
prison'd lies,
Beyond its dungeon bars always to roam

Perhaps the due progression to its sphere,
Lies forms & colours of its distant home.
Or lost to innocence, to truth, to Eden,
Did our dark eyes not quench each
early ray
But clear its broken beams to light
embodied
The chequered mazes of the pilgrim's
way?

We should be unjustifiable, in concluding this essay, if we did not touch on the second reason given by us, why there apparently inconsistent principles exist in human nature nature; which was that we are not permitted to attach ourselves too strongly to the things of time and sense. This subject, as was

also previously observed, has been
handled by the divines as well
as the philosophers, from the
beginning of recorded philoso-
phy and divinity. Yet, little as
it is, the best consolation
which we can derive from reason
can never be too often urged
by the moralist though he
can add no new weight to
its obvious importance, and
no new attractions to the lan-
guage, in which Jesus him-
self has vouchsafed to convey
it.

Then is an end of this
perverse being, when hope is
swallowed up in fruition, &
faith is absorbed in vision.

There are enjoyments for the spirit, not only not subject to the accidents of this world, which we have not taken into account in our previous speculations, but which cannot be disturbed by any decays of the spirit itself, which then, being immortal, will have put off its mortal shackles, and vindicated its immortal capabilities of pleasure. There is a rest, from toil, from pain, from anxiety, from satiety; — not the Lethean rest of annihilation, but the nobleness repose of a creature emanating from God, claiming to

asserting its divine privileges.
"There is" saith the scripture
"a rest for the people of God".

One evening as Miss Hannah Dobb was sweeping off the front step of her father's shop, she saw an aged man coming down the street with a large bag on his shoulder, his appearance betokened extreme poverty, he had nothing on but a red flannel shirt & a pair of leather breeches which seemed to have seen a great deal

Sweet pleasure when they return to

of service. Miss Dobb looked with her usual curiosity after all out of the way things, at this old gentleman; who, in return, came to a dead halt before the stoop, and looking her full in the face, slung his bag over the other shoulder. She ran hastily into the house; and called her maa, who was reading the Scottish chiefs; and her paa, who was playing solitaire; and John Peter Stagg Banker Dobb, who was lounging elegantly on the sofa; and her little brothers Jerry and Henry, who were swinging in the hall. As Miss Hannah Dobb ran in, her Maa stopped reading & asked her what was the matter. Oh la! Maa exclaimed she do come out & look at this old man who has got the queerest bag on his shoulder that ever I seed. At this

Mrs Dobb threw down her book,
Old Dobb stopped playing Solitaire,
Peter Stagg banker Dobb, got up
from the sofa, & Jenny & Henry
released from their juvenile sports,
and out they all ran in a
body to see the old man.
Nicodemus Rich the journeyman
tailor, who kept company with Miss
Dobb, and was now coming to take
her a walking in the Fields on Sabbath,
also came up at this moment;
and after giving Miss Dob a loving
hug, and a smack which reechoed
from one end of the Street to the other,
also fell to looking on the old man.
The latter stood gracefully on one
foot, pointing the toe of the other
to the ground; and rolling his head
with great composure, to keep
time with the motion of his eyes,

[illegible] on my return [illegible]

which wandered round the whole group. La! Nicodemus quoth Miss Hannah, as soon as she had caught her breath, after the huge mash he had given her, look at that old man, I wonder what he has got in that there bag.' old man what have you got in your bag? The old man spoke never a word, but his countenance which was before mild & agreeable, assumed all at once a stern & somewhat melancholic aspect, and as he squirted out his tobacco juice which he did with great nonchalance on the white pampadour pantaloons of Nicodemus.

a tear was seen to descend
his furrowed cheek. Damn my
buttons, quoth Nicodemus, see
what a pickle he has put my
new cossacks into. Who are you
you old blackguard - Jerry, said
Mr Dobbs, take them three shovels
in the barn and look to the hats
in the entry. What do you want
you old vagabond. La! screamed
Mrs Dobbs, that are's the man
what stole the hot handle lyer:
-terday. And the key of my pian
-ner, echoed Miss Dobbs, look:
-ing disconsolately on the dirty
breeches of her swain. La! Nicky
you look as if you'd mashed your:
-self. Who I? said the journey:
-man tailor - I nearly myself?
I'll nip the lights out of the
old rascal. Lady, quoth the
old man paying no manner of

States previous to my return to

attention to these insinuations, you
have touched upon a chord which
vibrates to the inmost recesses of
my soul; you have asked a
question which kings would have
trembled as they had dared breath
the same, which the spirits of the
air dare not ask. Lady, you
know not what you ask, you
are young, your appearance
denotes modesty & simplicity,
but I tell you, you know
no more what you ask than
the unconscious babe handle
you twist. Lady, a dreadful
fate hangs over you and your
house; I can only warn & pity
I cannot explain further. Beware

of the mitt part of a man who stands beside you. At these words Nicky, no longer able to control his choler, pulled an enormous shears out of his pocket, and declaring by soap fat and ashes that he would cut out the old bugger, flew desperately at him. But his double chambered pumps caught in old Dobbs steel gutter, and brought him prostrate with his head between Mrs Dobbs feet who screamed rape, murder and fire, alternately. Just then a pail of hot dish water which a prudent housewife had just emptied from the kitchen came in a torrent through the gutter and running all the way up Nicky's pompadour pantaloons completely disfigured and besprinkled his nether man.

States previous to my return to

At this crisis the old man seemed as if about to move off but Peter Stagg Banker Dobb, calling to Nicodemus to hold him fast, ran up into the third story to fetch his sword-cane, exclaiming, curse the old upstart, I'll teach him better manners. Old Dobb at this offered to lay hold of the old man, but as he rushed forward, the object of his wrath slipped to one side, & instead of the old man he grabbed hold of the shirt of the taylors upper garment & down they both came together in the dirt.

Nicky's coat was now no better off than his subligaculae, and his profile was streaked with many colored mud. The peak of his nose was also garnished with some supplementary horse dung; so that Miss Dobbs exclaimed again, Law! Nicky, you look like a roast. Who? I? said Nicky - I look a roast? Blood and turf! damn my eyes! John Peter now came down, cursing and swearing; saying that Jerry had been playing with his sword cane and broke it off short. Brandishing the wooden piece, he uttered awful execrations, first on Jerry, secondly on himself, thirdly on the whole household and lastly on the old man - and taking up a brickbat he hurled it at him with all his might.

States previous to my return to

Lt Peter
[redacted], was as unfortunate in
his attack as his father had
been, for the kick-bat instead
of reaching its destined victim
by an unlucky twist of the
hand, struck Mrs Dobb a
direful clink just on that
part of her person which, when
she sat down, came in contact
with the cushion. She shrieked
out in agony & amazement
& old Dobb calling Peter a
clumsy son of a b—h, called
out to Jerry to run down to
Docks & tosacks as quick as pos-
-sible & tell him that Mrs Dobb
had met with a sad accident.

Madam, said the old man, solemnly, an emollient poultice of bread and milk will be the best cataplasm for your fundamentals. Kiss my arse! cried Mrs Doll, cocking de Catina,—and be off in the twinkling of a pig's foot, or by the eternal jingo I'll set my mark upon you. She would have been as good as her word; had not the negroes who were now collected to the spot, made a ring round the old man, and kept him from her vengeance. She sat down on the stoop crying bitterly. The old man, politely bowing to the collection of negroes and continuing around him, immediately set up the following song, in a melodious voice, to their great edification—

States previous to my return to

I am an ancient man, and
from a far country,
I come with my bundle & bag.
I care not for Old Bett nor for his la
nor for Derry, nor Peter Stagg.
I care not for Nicky the journeyman tailor
who now of his breeches cant brag;
I come here from Lapland abroad for
whales,
I come with my bundle & bag.

When John Rogers was burning I stirred up
the fire
and performed divers other good deeds
If any one here thinks I am a liar
He may kiss my h— for I come from Lee

I dont think I'm like to get much by
this job.
So away my old cocker I'll drag,
Tho' for a great secret concerning this
Contained in this old leather bob.

The old man when he had
finished his ditty was greeted
with three rounds of applause
from the surrounding mob.
He then made another move-
ment to be off but Necodemus
who had got up & wiped off
his clothes with the end of
Hannah's pocket handkerchief
now set up a loud cry of
Watch, murder, Thieves, Fire.
The spectators gave him great

States previous to my return to

applause which stimulated him
to take hold of the old man's
leather breeches, at the place
vulgarly called the seat of the
a — s — The old man in return
fetched him a wallop on the
side of the head with the bag,
which made Rickey reel again
& he began bawling fire murder
Rape & Watch louder than ever.
Just at this moment Noah
the Shemite came along & asked
the reason of the Hubbub. Mr
Willard the parson also came out
very drunk, to know why such
a row was kicked up under
his nose, on Saturday night

when preparations ought to be
making for the Sabbath. The
presence of these two worthies
commanded silent attention both
from Jew and Christian; and
after Taylor was permitted to state
his grievance, as much at length
as his incoherent rage would
permit. Blood and fire! he
exclaimed, dye see, I came
here to talk ~~into~~ into Miss ~~Dobbs~~
~~Dobbs~~ Parks — Dobbs, I mean, I
came for to talk with the par-
ticular Miss Dobbs; when this here
insolent fellow puts me into the dirty
dish water, and knocks me
into the dung heap, along with
Miss Dobbs, and then splashes
the kitchen dresser all over
Miss Dobbs' bottom.

Noah asked the old man what he
had to say for himself. Bowing

States previous to my return to

politely to the high Sheriff, he thus addressed him, May it please your worship, the misfortunes that have happened to this worthy family have been of their own begetting. I am a harmless collector of canine excrements, vulgarly called a Dog t-d picker, I was returning home peaceably with the fruits of a days labour when I was set upon by these folks. Time will not permit me to make a long speech but I shall briefly observe that indiscreet curiosity is very baleful in its effects to the public in general, & as has been exemplified to the family of the Dibbs in particular.

Read

The Æronaut

Travels of an Englishwoman

Letter 1.

It was a fine afternoon in the month of September that I embarked on board the packet Phebe for Providence in the State of R. Island. I had determined to make the tour of the Eastern States previous to my return to

Old England; & I now found
Cause to accomplish it. You,
who know my independant
Spirit, will not be surprised
when I tell you that I set off
without that ridiculous attendant
a Beau; But the pretty Misses of York
were absolutely thunderstruck at
my rashness. Pretty creatures, they
cannot stir a step without the
accompanyment of a pair of breeches.
And I really think they would die
with fright to find themselves alone
on board of a packet. This is one
of the absurd customs which civiliza-
tion has entailed upon us poor
women. For my part I am determined
to stand, & move upon my own
bottom. "Free as the air" is my

motto, and I intend in my forthcoming work on the rights of women to treat this subject at large.

But — <u>revertons a nos moutons</u>.

I hired a small negro to carry my portmanteau, which he performed with an intelligence & alacrity that surprised me. And when I paid him his fare, he made me a bow that would not have disgraced a ball room. The people of color in this city have arrived at an uncommon degree of refinement. They give balls, & routs, of surpassing splendor which I am told are managed with the greatest decorum. I visited their theatre in the upper part of the city, which is fitted up

with great taste. ~~And~~ The performers were all dressed in the most appropriate costume, and Othello was performed by a gentleman of color, with great effect. A melo-drama by Major Noah, the Shakespeare & Sheriff of New York, closed the performance.

Some of the black citizens, & are told are immensely rich, in general their dresses equal those of the whites in ~~richness & taste~~ magnificence.

It is a pleasing sight on a sunday afternoon to see them returning from church with their families; their countenances exhibiting genuine devotion, & their whole

deportment great modesty, &
propriety. Honesty is a general
characteristic among them, &
tho' some delicate stomachs may
object to their peculiar odour, I
know of no class of society more
estimable for their worth, or more
agreable in their manners.
But to return to my voyage,
There were only two or three pas-
-sengers beside myself, who were
merchants from the Eastward, retur-
-ning home with their goods. The
crew consisted of the captain, steward,
cook, & three Lands. All here
& afterwards forward, from the cap-
-tain, a hardy veteran from Nantucket

down to the cook, who was as black & as greasy as his own pots, & understood the constitution & laws of their country, & were tolerably well versed in the histories of ancient Greece, & Rome.

After tea, which, by the by was a meal that the most fastidious epicure might have envied, though produced by the solitary efforts of our cook in his smoky little forecastle, I went on deck. The moon was shining with that peculiarly resplendent and pellucid brightness, which at once radiant and chaste, [illegible] this country alone. Our sloop was gliding with a rapid but imperceptible motion, through the illumined waters

of the sound. My hair grew almost visibly, with gazing on the blue element, ~~bathed~~ sprinkled with silver and pelted with innumerable stars, and reflecting every part of our tank, downwards in its perspicuous brown, till the eye ached with exploring the clear profundity and discerned a type of that eternity by which baffles all our speculative and mortal reason in its comprehensibility. One of the friends was sitting on the companion way, wrapt in a watch coat, apparently buried in profound philosophic reflection. I sat down by his side. He turned towards me, and his whole demeanour evinced the instinctive politeness of his countryman. He was chewing tobacco, a practice prevalent among the Americans; and one to which I

ascribe the calm & contemplative
character of their minds, & offered
me his pouch with great respect.
He meant it as a compliment, &
I assure you I felt it as such.
While we thus sat gazing on
the beautiful scene around us,
our attention was suddenly at-
tracted by the appearance of a
dark body struggling in the water.
Twice it rose, ~~made a~~ ripple
the surface of the water by a con-
vulsive movement, & disappeared.
The Captain who was steering, the
rugged seaman & myself, rushed
to the gangway & bent our eyes
with intense interest upon the

spot where the object had disappeared. "Some unfortunate fisherman had been late on the water. His boat had filled or capsized, the fishes he had caught were restored to their native element, and he had gone alone for bait. His family had prepared their frugal evening meal for his reception. His wife and anxiously expecting his return and his children were eagerly on the beach, eagerly questioning for their papa in his boat. Alas! he had twice sunk, and was now to rise for the last time, on this side of eternity, and then to sink forever!" such were the instantaneous trains of thought that pass through our minds when the object of our anxiety did indeed rise; but it sprung this time quite out of the water, scattering the spray in every direction. It looked like

a great humpbacked hog. The captain exclaimed with an air of great mortification; "It is nothing but a d—d porpoise." We again resumed our sedentary postures, & were soon deeply engaged in a discussion on the valuable & peculiar excellencies of a republican form of government. Much learning was displayed on this subject by the Land, as he was engaged in proving the fallacy of a doubtful theory of Montesquieu. I was surprised by the appearance of the black cook, who suddenly emerging from the fore-castle, and volumes of smoke, displayed the

upper half of his person; quoted the Federalist to disprove the assertions of the seaman.

Having finished our discussion, I retired to the cabin. Seated by the table, I found the mulatto steward reading Adam Smith on political economy. One of the passengers was perusing Encyclopedias in the original; another was writing, as he told me, on pedestrian motion, and showed me the model of a machine which he said had been going for a fortnight, and would never stop till it was worn out by the friction.

Happy country! I exclaimed, as I retired to my birth; — where every man is a politician and a philosopher! where taxes are unknown! where worth and talent are the only passports

to wealth and distinction; where
justice and tyranny are alike
strangers; and the rights of men
are perfectly defined and vindi-
cated. I felt asleep, and dreamed
that the whole world was revolu-
tionized, and that women were
declared capable of exercising
the right of suffrage, and of
holding any office, ministerial
or judicial.

Read

THE AERONAUT.

Travels of an Englishwoman

Letter 2

It was on the second morning after our departure, that we found ourselves opposite the large & beautiful city of New London. We had just in du-

ing the night on account of the lightness of the wind & the hazy weather. There being a probability of our being detained for some hours I got two of the sailors to row me ashore that I might see the place. Newlondon is one of the most flourishing sea-ports in the Union. The silva Thames gliding majestically along & reflecting from its broad surface the most beatiful villas & country seats the harbour crowded with vessels from the four quarters of the globe the quays loaded with merchandize & the hum & bustle of business forcibly reminded me of its fortunate rival on the other side the water.

Perhaps I should not say so;
for in England, and English
cities, every thing reminds us
of decay and points as it
were with excited finger, to
the faded glories of antiquity,
while in America, all breathes
of youth and vigour, and seems
to indicate a long futurity of
growth, still increasing triumph.
Every stone and stately temple
& splendid shop in New
London, has an appearance of
freshness and novelty. Nor need
we quarrel with it for the
state we take, for the purposes
of enterprize. It must be how-
ever, a very arrant city; for I
saw the tombstones of two
men who were stated to have
been born and died the 4th; one of whom
was aged 564, and the other

however

756. I think there must be some mistake in these assertions.

Opposite New London, & about a mile from the pleasant village of Groton, there is a fort & chain redoubt, on a commanding eminence. This place is rendered celebrated, & in capitol American history by the bloody engagement which took place here, & the treacherous murder of Colonel St Legh who was put to death by the British after he had surrendered & delivered up his sword. I made a pedestrian excursion to the fort place, & found the keeper, an old soldier who was left to take care of the place, hoeing potatoes. He answered very politely

to my interrogatories, & pointed out
to me the spot where his brave
countrymen who fell there were buried
It was about a quarter of a mile
off, & that devotion to the cause of
Liberty, which has always reigned
my bosom, prompted me to make
a pilgrimage to the graves. This
was not a task of much difficulty, though the distance was
so trifling; as my path lay
through a new ploughed field.
In the course of my walk, I
noticed several places, where
the earth appeared to have been
artificially excavated. But
whether they were the graves
of Pequod Indians, whose
warlike tribe was almost totally
destroyed in a terrific battle

fought but a few miles from this spot, or of the British, or the Americans, or no wars at all, I was ignorant, and had no access to information. But as I ascended into a descent field, strewed with grey stones, I observed an old man, sitting on one of them, in a contemplative attitude, motionless and unconcerned as a philosopher, when hearing the mighty crack of nature, giving up the ghost with awful spasms.

Pray, old gentleman, said I, can you tell me where the British soldiers were buried, formerly? The old man looked up very leisurely, and opening his eyes, slowly said,

'Did you come on board of the whale big?' No, my friend, I replied, I have never been engaged in that business. I wish to know where the Bri: : tish are buried. The old man, however, not being able to divest himself of the associ: : ation he had formed in his mind, between me and a whale, asked me 'what was the price of cotton and whale: : bone.' 'My dear friend' I said, I am ignorant of the price of those articles, as I am not in the cotton line, and have only seen two or three whales in my life, which I had no desire to trouble. Can you not tell me; where the British are

interred?" "Why," said the old man, "who do you want to bury now?" I turned away in despair. This was the only instance I had met with of the kind; the Yankees buy anything usually celebrated for giving a direct and prompt answer to any question that is put to them.

I soon came to the burying ground, when the mariners of Liberty repose. It is a lone place; and every thing has the aspect of desolation in the vicinity. It lies beneath a rough and abrupt and craggy rock; on which grow funereal and stunted fir trees, vegetating in the

barren pinnes, consecrated, by their gloomy appearance, with the melancholy associations of the scene; while their sombre, though funereal verdure, symbolizes the memory of the dead, which like them, though sad is eternal and forever green. The tombstone of St Cuthbert and is in the antiquated style; with the garniture of angels faces &c. It records the treachery of the enemies. Shades of Lennox and Stuart Wallace! thought I — as I could not refrain the gushing tide of emotion, which forced a vent in tears.

On my return to the packet, I found that the number of our crew was increased by an honest tar, with whom I soon entered into conversation. I found him very affable, and on his complaining of being dry, I asked him what he would have to drink. He answered very politely that he would take a 9th cocktail. This term, peculiar to the Americans, I did not at the time understand, but in a subsequent conversation with Dr Mitchill of New York, who is deservedly regarded as the second Franklin of America, I who

has lately had a diamond ring worth
five thousand pounds sterling, sent
him from the Emperor of Russia
as a token of affection; & found
that Cocktail was a generic
term for all mixtures of spirituous
liquors, with bitters, & sugar:
that it derives its name from
the mixture of colors somewhat
resembling the tail feathers of
the male bird of that name: &
that it is very wholesome for the
body, & a great quickener of
the intellect. It had a
very agreeable effect, on the
conversible talents of my com-

pain; and he related to me many interesting anecdotes, one of which deserves recording. His own bravery, which deserves immortality, was so modestly alluded to, that I have not written much to adorn his courage, or his apparent unconsciousness of deserving praise.

In the dreadful battle which took place in Long Island Sound, between the American frigate President of thirty-six guns, and the British sixty four 6 hours: Gates, this gallant son of Neptune was on board the Gates into which he had been press'd before the war, though a native of Connecticut,

Sorely against his inclination he was compelled to witness the strife, and to work the guns of the Chesapeake against his country men. But when the President had succeeded in boarding the superior ship of the enemies, his natural bias quitting the side he had been forced to volunteer on, headed the boarders; took the British Commodore by the wrist; and wresting his sword from him, gave him a compliment in the rear, which a good deal surprised him. He then hauled down the British colors; resisting with superhuman strength and agility, the combined efforts of all on board. In this behaviour

Congress voted him twenty dollars. These facts I state more particularly, as they are not generally known.

After a pleasant sail of a day and a night, we reached Providence. I shall write again from Boston.

Prima est eloquentiæ virtus perspicuitas. Quinctilian.

See Campbell's Rhetoric, page 238 et seq. On perspicuity; the style of which being too simple for extraordinary apprehensions, I have herein endeavored to obfuscate and obumbilate the same, so to obtunate it to the comprehension

of thon in intellectual entity
farther advanced and more endowed.
Done by me, Tenebrous Nephele
genetes. May 31st 1822.

" If all the qualities preceding
already, as the imagination is not
that faculty which it is aimed
by every orator to captivate, neither
are the passions ought by every
speech to be agitated, the primary &
most essential, which renders them
men of many other things, proper
in their own places, unnecessary &
impertinent, is perspicuity. Now
if a man wishes to be understood
peradventure he may wish to inform
or denominate the conviction, delight
or excitement of his auditory,
still if he does not convey such
sentiments into the minds of his
hearers intelligible to them, by
the vehicles of the ΘΤΙΣΑΠΤΕΡΟΕΤΤΑ

so fugitive and not at all long enduring, to no purpose, and I may say as in an unknown tongue does he articulate. For the intellect above all the other faculties whether it be or be not immediately addressed by the speaker has this prerogative that it must ultimately when information or conviction is the direct aim and purpose of his harangue or dissertation, subordinately when the object of his exercising his oral faculties is to gratify by display, to move by eloquence or by argument to persuade, be regarded."

I give this as a sample of my style, intended for the gentry that neglect that ore ennobles with our own vernacular families as we are, foreigners bear an

advantage in the art of darkening as by the following circulatory placard of an inkeeper at Verona sufficiently appears.

Circulatory.

The old inn of London's Tower placed among the more agreeable situations of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodonius Zigzagioni, restored by the decorum most indulgents to good things of life's cans, which are favored from every article at inn same, with all object that is concerned conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses, but good forages and coach hours do offers at Innkeepers the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, when politeness, good genius of meals, to delight all nations round table, coffee room, hackney coaches, men

servant of place, promptness of service and moderation of prices shall arrive to accomplish in him all satisfaction, and all those who will do the favour honouring him a very assured kindness."

But that by literally rendering from the classics or foreign tongues, passages word for word from the original, the study of those ancients may be advanced to a degree, I have at least gathered from the various Innkeepers experiment. This as an initiatory exercise I would, to all ~~scholars~~ pupils of I should be favoured with any, as I hope to be, recommend.

Of Beelzebub it is unnecessary to admonish and observing men, who see its advantages daily, to descant on the utility. A priest

or a parson, who has a hopeless cause, or a stale text, will need to be turbid to the flood of his original thoughts with no means of attention. He must therefore, if for wisdom he would get reputation or for his speech a fee, with great ingenuity to appear to be saying something not altogether to common sense, or not quite, obfuscate. The ancient Sophists had a school for darkening. At the command of Cato, the scholars incontinently set themselves to work in adumbrating and confounding things and words, and he who was most unintelligible won away the prize, a præmium tenebrositatis. Lord Byron has illustrated this old practice, in a very ingenious performance, called

Darkness. As I intend to open a Gymnasium for the purpose of darkness, which I have opened the same up in Crane alley, back of a tanner's and under a rope maker's establishment, with the sign Hades over the cellar under the same, through which you get into it up five pair of stairs, taking care of the rain tubs, and washwoman's tubs on the third flight, I publish as an example of my style and plan, with a few of my cardinal rules affixed, this Card.

Rules for Darkening.

1. First. Get a vague and confused idea of your subject and some queer learning to illustrate a few things not connected with it.

2. Begin with the last idea, and turn your subject backwards to express your first proposition, by way of a beginning. Thus you will have a retrograde view of the whole, at starting.

3. Divide the matter into three parts and measure it out by rule during that does not apply to it.

4. Follow the classical languages in the arrangement of the words. Put the nom.ᵃ case after the verb, the adjective or adverb after the thing qualified &c.

5. Never use the middle word of common use for any thing, but take any synonyme, that does not exactly mean what you want to express.

If you will follow these rules, you cannot fail of being eminently

THE

AERONAUT

It was a favourite theory of Mr John Bristed, author of "the Resources of the United States", that the average quantity of tea: :cast, in different ages was the same. He proves it as one of

tion questions, which it would be profitable to discuss in colleges to exercise the minds of young men. In thinking of a subject for an essay, this theme occured to me. I have often thought of it before; and invariably came to one conclusion; that the only point of view in which it is not nonsense to predicate the proposition of any certain age of the world, with certain restrictions, amounts to an induction of truisms, which ends in a truism: that the assertion in its general intent is untenable, not to be argued upon any positive data; but that every thing approaching to an argument on the subject, made

makes against it directly. Mr Bristed's favourite mode of reasoning, to prove his position, were this. He said that if mankind were degenerating from age to age, according to the opinion of the Archæophili, we might by graduating this decline according to the experience of past ages, fix the date when we are all to become changelings and driveller. And on the contrary, if were advancing to infinite perfectibility according to some French philosophers, we could also perceive by comparison of different past epochs, the scale of advancement; and pre-

dict with certainty the philosophical millennium. Now both these theories being essentially absurd, nothing can be gained by refuting them; and we are left as we began. But even this argument, such as it is, is incorrect. If we are degenerating, precisely as our reasoning grew weaker, would we be less able to measure that of our forefathers. Sandy Clark believes that he writes as good poetry as Byron. The idiot thinks his own ratiocination equal to that of the ablest logician. This is to be understood of a contemptuous diminution of all the intellectual powers. Milton

Homer being dead, any man of good apprehension & poetical excellence, though he have not the original faculty of invention, will exist & do homage to their powers. But if his apprehension were weakened by the progressive deterioration of the species, he would not perceive those excellencies at all, or but glimmeringly; and would think the whistling song of some Scottish driveller, as good, and probably better, than the sublimities of Musæus, or the Bard of Paradise. He should not therefore, as each faculty which is necessary to comprehend intellectual operations, proportionality de-

clined, he would get to the bottom of the Cimmerian bog, between sun and sun as well as in broad daylight. But admitting Mr Bristed to argue so far correctly, what does his reasoning prove. Surely nothing more than that talent is given to men, just as it pleases God; that some eyes are dark, and some light, by the operation of moral causes; that sometimes there is an quantity of capability in the world, and at other times a different; and that the chances against there ever being two Christs even of time, when the amounts

would precisely tally, are so immeasurable, that if they could be ascertained, it would take a finite idea of eternity to name the amount. Mr Bristed however merely meant to say, that this average quantity was pretty nearly the same in any two different ages. I shall not attempt to plunge any further into the subject, because there being no appreciable reason for the equality, to prove the negative would be still more absurd than the reasons before given in support of the affirmative.

One remark however strikes me, in passing from this idle

theme. I do not believe that talent can exist without being developed. The caves of ocean hide many gems, and many flowers blush unseen; but talent of superior order was never vouchsafed to be lost to no manner of use. I am aware that thousands of men of genius have perished, who are now unheard of. They had no chronicler or sacred bard. They had not connected themselves with general history; or their country had no literature, and its history is forgotten. I know that causes physical or moral or both, may limit or con-

from the exercise of talent. But
its aliment is all around it;
in even the darkest ages. There
is food for the imagination in the
heavens and in the earth, in
every visible object and in every
passion and sympathy. There
is matter for the appetites
of avarice, in the rudest stages
of society, when it has advanced
beyond the condition of mere
hunters; and ambition finds
some steps to climb, in the
simplest Indian tribe. When
therefore the objection is made
to Mr Webster's theory, that
there have been ages, that there
are countries, in which little talent

of any kind developed itself, it is not a sufficient answer to say, that it did exist, but was not called out. It is incumbent on the champion of the science, quantity of talent, to shew that sufficient causes operated to prevent that development; to curb the cravings of ambition; to stifle the birth of fancy; to repress the speculations of philosophy.

I do not believe that the capabilities of a negro, are originally, or at any time equal to those of an European, in kind or in degree. I do not believe that if they were so, the

people on the continent of Africa would have been what they are at this day. No more causes have combined to keep them from advancement in civilisation, than operated on the earlier stages of the world — unless it be their climate. If the latter be the cause, it is permanent, and it is hopeless to expect their amelioration. If it be not, the causes must be either moral, or the original defect of their nature must be assigned as the reason of their inferiority. If it be owing to their institutions, the European spirit would have defined them & foretold

such institutions long ago. Letters would have softened the manners. Tyranny would have changed the sternness of its rule, for the most less arbitrary, though more ornamented aspect. Asiatic languor does not characterize the Africans. Stupidity and brutality are their inherent and unchangeable attributes. Who ever saw a real full blooded negro, who: ther grown in Africa, Europe or America, who had anything above vulgar shrewdness, to stamp him as an intelligent being. Some of our negroes are better off than the poorer classes of white people. If they do not get education it is because they have

no appetite for it. Ive never heard of many whites, who acquired knowledge by surmounting difficulties, which would forever have kept a negro in the dark as to the mystery of the Alphabet. But who ever heard of a negro who made any uncommon progress in science or letters, though assisted by every advantage? Do talk of the difficulties arising from their station in life, will be of no advantage to them who updated their capabilities. Talent will pick up knowledge from the ground. It will seem to find out its elements by intuition, and to build its superstructure by enchantment. I speak of

:ness of genius, or preeminent tal:
:lent; and I say there is none a:
:mong negroes. Now let it be
repeated that, no matter whether
this has arisen from moral or
physical causes, from degenera:
:cy of original constitution of their
natures, it actually is, and has
been the case, for as the Christian
era, & we exclude from even the
Egyptians, Moors &c.
and for aught we know since the flood.

In order to prove Mr Bris:
:bid out in his theory, therefore,
the proportion between the
Africans and Europeans must
have remained the same in all
ages; or else, there being less
talent among Africans, the

average world way, as they were
less or more numerous, increase:
:ly. And the sword and pestilence
and famine must be regulated
in their destructive operations;
to preserve this equilibrium, for
no other conceivable purpose, than
to support a visionary theory.

Such questions are of no use; but
they are generally adopted by debat:
:ing societies, because they can
be talked about on every side, with:
:out grappling in any point what:
:ever. Of this same nature is the
question, whether moral or physi:
:ical causes tend most to form
the character of a nation? Whoever
considers this absurd problem

for a moment, must perceive that its solution depends on that reciprocity of impulse and sympathy between the mind and body, at which science stops, and beyond which speculation loses itself in nonsense and cant. As the ancient geographers said on their maps, of countries beyond the limits of their knowledge, "beyond this lies bog and eternal mud and darkness."

The poem of Don Juan
has been deservedly reprobated for
its immoral tendency. It avowed-
-ly treats in a jocose way, of the
violation of the sacred bond of
matrimony; makes the illicit

intercourse of the sexes a matter of course, and an elegant pastime and mentions Hell, as revealed by revelation, with as little reverence as Lovenal appears to have had for [illegible] mythology of his own country. All this is doubtless malum in se; but we think that the consternation and paroxism of indignation, in which the writer of the review of that poem, in 'Blackwood' magazine appears to have worked himself, was unnecessary, as it is, in reality, ludicrous. The bellum tiades of the critic, contrasted with the laughable rhymes of the poem, produce an irresistible grin, to the disadvantage of the champion of virtue; and

of course, make the matter worse.
Thus, in the complet,

They grieved for them who perished in the
matter,
and also for the biscuit-casks and
butts, —

the reviewer vents an anathema,
which has the same effect as a
bull of the present Pope would
have in this country.

The passion of Love, the poet-
ical name for human lust, is
confessedly the principal subject
handled in Don Juan. Out-of
the incidents arising from its
operations, all the events grow;
with its effects on the inbred men,
all the circumstances are more

AERON UT

AERON UT.

AERON UT

New York Sept. 1822.

AERONAUT.

No. * 1820

Prophecies of remarkable events, which will transpire between the years 1820 and 1830.

I. Of the nine Miss Glovers, three will be married, three buried, and one will meet with a sad accident.

A new theatre will be built, and a new company will perform, once the fleas are put on an average.

R R Ward Esquire will marry two wives, be the father of an amiable family, and be of high standing in the bar and society in general.

Marcus Gaither will be professor in a Baptist college, and be married to a reputable young woman.

Doctor Mitchill can be cheated by the back bone of an unknown fish.

There will be an dismemberment of the Union.

Several bawdy houses will be broken up.

A tremendous comet will make its appearance.

Buonaparte will make his escape from St Helena; and arrive at New York in a Cape Cod whaler.

Jacobs Brandon will be a great man.

Dr Horatio will give a blow out to his friends; and the next day

will blow out his brains in prison.

After these events have taken place, there will be great complaints of the heat in summer, and the cold in winter; and a great many children will not know their own fathers.

Story of Jacob Beamsen related by himself on board the Packet Sloop Ann Maria to the Captain, Crew and Passengers ——

Gentlemans

I was born at a small village near Hamburg of very respectable parents. They were Jews. I am not ashamed of being a Jew damn my buttons! I like pork tho' for all that. Moses was a very civil man & will tell you why he made the jews to be circumcised. you see it was very warm weather!!! but he always made them shave the pieces. He forbid them to eat pork because it was so hot in Egypt & would make the poor Jews sick. but it is all damn

someone not to eat pork now,
for why, is'n not this a free country, &
does not every body do as he likes?
yes, damn my buttons, if the emperor
of Germany comes here I will give
him a damn punch in the belly.

YAMOYDEN.

CANTO VI.

THE BATTLE.

I.

WOMAN! dear partner of our joys & woes!
Ev'n in our darkest hour of earthly ill
Untarnish'd yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou walkest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul,
Undaunted by the tempest wild & chill,
That roars with restless and disastrous ~~howl~~ roll
O'er all that glooms below, in deep and hollow howl.
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the sad dew-drops from the troubled brow,
To soothe the heart — to cool the burning brain —
O who so willing and so prompt as thou?
The battle's hurried scene of fiery glow —
The death-encircled pillow of distress —
The lonely moments of secluded woe —
Alike thy fearless care & love confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and beating bosom bless!
As when the timely shower of heaven has past
The glowing flowers with fresher lustre bloom,
So thou more lovely seem'st when sorrow's blast
Sweeps by her shadow'd storms of strife & gloom.
Or like the rainbow's arch, whose beams illume
The darken'd sky — when clouds are blackest spread,
And all seems dark & dreary as the tomb,
Then brightest is thy light and lustre shed,
Till life itself departs, and love and hope are dead!

II.

When hush'd was every camp's tramp,
And evening with her shadows damp
Reposed upon the Christian camp,
In still and solemn sleep,
On Adlai's agitated breast
The day's events of sorrow pressed
With pang intense and deep;
Her infant ravished from her arms—
Her husband plung'd in war's alarms—
Her father's love in wrath withdrawn,
And he to share the tumult gone—
All on her memory wildly rose,
That dreadful heap of sudden woes!

III.

They who have known what 'tis to brood
O'er grief in silent solitude,
May fancy how that sufferer's heart
Was wrung in every vital part;—
Oh! it is sad in lonely hour
To feel dark memory's rending power;
When every gleam that tells the past
With pain & anguish is o'ercast;
When every throb that wakes to life
With woe unspeakable is rife:—
At twilight's shadowy time to think
As on departed hours we think,
And see the ghosts of vanished joys
Come darkling on our tearful eyes,
Pointing with fingers now of sorrow
To many a sad and lonely morrow!
Oh! it is fearful thus to mourn
For days that may no more return,
To think on hopes that woe has blasted,
Of pleasures fled ere they were tasted,
Of flowers that withered as we sought
To snatch their leaves with beauty fraught
To eager fancy's heedless thought!
—And yet, if all these woes are <u>past</u>,
A kind of pleasure comes at last,

A deep and melancholy calm
That sheds upon the heart its balm,
Like evening's dark but silent sway
When hush'd the tempest of the day.
But oh! when to such pangs of grief
Hope cannot lend her fond relief,
When on the dreary waste that lies
In blackening waves before the eyes,
No star of peace is shining there,
No gleam to chase away despair,
When every earthly stay is gone —
Then is the heart indeed alone!
— Oh! that we e'er could look above,
To heaven for rays of hope & love!
O that the heart which sorrow wrings
Could ever soar on eager wings
To that abode of day!
There only is our lasting home
When weary we have ceased to roam,
When earth's dark sphere has parted by,
And bursts sublime eternity —
There is our only stay! —

IV.

And there she look'd — and there she found
A soothing balm for every wound; —
In penitence & prayer she spent
The hours, till wood & wave & tent
With night's enfolding shades were blent;
And on that lovely night
She gaz'd with moist & glistening eye,
Where softly thro' the clouded sky
The moon sent down her light;
The wind careering wild & high
Scatter'd the clouds confusedly;
One moment all the scene around,
The forest thick, the verdant ground,
With the sweet ray were bright,
The next a mournful gloom was spread,
And dark the forests waved their head,
And dark the camp that lay beneath
The inconstant heaven's uncertain wreath,
Arose upon her sight.

V.

The camp was still – no guards were near –
No voices fell upon her ear –
The labors of the day had prest
Upon each tired and careless breast,
And all were hush'd to sleep;
She wander'd forth to breathe the air,
And in the night's lone silence share,
For she had ceased to weep; –
Unconscious where her footsteps strayed
She past thro' many a gloomy glade,
And when her memory rose again
Far had she left the tented glen.
It was the road, that very morn
On which she had been thither borne;
She knew it by the lonely mound
Raised by some long departed hand,
That told on its deserted ground
Kept the lost heroes of the land –
Lost – ere upon that lovely strand
Th' invaders' hostile feet were found;
Now sleeping – nameless and alone –
Beneath the rugged heap of stone.

VI.

A sudden thought awoke to trace
Her desolated dwelling-place –
And hope, however doubtful, rose
To quell the anguish of her woes,
And lead her on her silent way
To where her little cottage lay.
She wandered on – & weary spread
Her chequered path of light & shade;
And rising clouds, & scowling skies,
Foretold a tempest should arise,
While darker every moment grew
The path which faithful memory knew;
But yet upon that path she went,
Nor shrunk one moment her intent.
Her steadfast trust was placed above;
And rising hope – & faithful love,
At once her soul to courage move,
And give resolve & constancy,

And woman's soul o'er woman's fear
Its lofty crest at once upreared,
Thro' danger, sorrow, pain, & tears,
Daring to go all fearlessly.

VII.

Onward thro' that embowering wood,
Her gloomy way she sped,
Deep was the tangled solitude
That round her journey spread;
Onward she went — till wild & rude
The tempest rose in wrathful mood,
In terror o'er her head;
The moon withdrew her silver ray, —
And on the lonely wanderer's way
The lightning's momentary ray
Its flitting radiance shed;
Save that delusive source of light,
'Twas all one deep impervious night;
No longer could the path be seen
The woods o'erhanging boughs between,
Unknowing where her footsteps led,
In dread uncertainty she strayed.

VIII.

O who can tell what now arose
Within that heart, where pains & woes
Had long inflicted their pang?
When wandering on a doubtful path
She sunk beneath the tempest's wrath,
As wildly on it rang;
Ah! little did her bosom know
That e'en amid this hour of woe —
This hour of tempest & of gloom,
When o'er her brightest hope's dear bloom
There only seem'd despair —
Amid the forest's distant shade
Tamoyden sought the well-lov'd glade,
That now she could not share!
He deem'd the form he cherish'd, dead,
And to the strife of battle fled,
As rose the maddening thought: —

Alas! that hearts so close allied
Should struggle in misfortune's tide,
Thus near — yet thus remote!
Like the lone sailors of some bark
O'eturned amid the billows dark —
When howls so loud the storm's career
Each other's cry they cannot hear —
When but a single wave dispatts
Those gallant — lost — and sinking hearts,
And yet no fond embrace is given,
By the next surge all widely driven,
And sunk amid the roar —
Perchance the dawning morning's ray
May mark them by the restless spray
Cast up upon the shore,
With faint and dying eye to see
This climax of their misery —
Then close forever more!

IX.

From the wet bank on which she lay
Thus desolate & lone,
At length she rose, and her lost way
Darkly she wander'd on;
But memory lent no guiding ray,
Reason & sense seem'd gone;
Her mind's unshaken constancy
No longer sparkled in her eye —
Lost was its lofty tone;
There seem'd a gulf of thought & pain
Rushing in billows o'er her brain,
But nought distinct arose,
She knew not why she wander'd there,
Nor heard the storm that rent the air,
Nor felt the tempest's woes; —
It seem'd as if, in murmurs nigh,
Throb'd on her ear some melody
That once she lov'd & sung —
And well-known voices whispered near,
Dim to her clouded memory dear,
As low the accents sung;

And then a moment thunder'd by
The tempest's loudest revelry,
In hollow echoes swung: —
O it had been a sight to thrill
The lightest heart to silence chill,
To view that wretched maid,
As thus bereft of all below —
The lonely prey of utter woe,
She rode the forest's shade.

X.

When woke again to light and life
Returning memory,
She heard around the billows' strife
Rushing tumultuously;
And on the heaving flood, that blazed
With the retiring lightning, gazed
With an astonished eye.
The storm had ceased its wildest rage,
And on her clouded pilgrimage
The moon was slowly riding,
High mid the pinings of the storm
She shewed half hid her lucid form,
The scene of tumult chiding;
Her course was toward the western sky,
Tho' yet the morning's orient dye
The mountains had not crown'd;
Upon their crested heights she shone
With mellow ray, as sternly lone
Their distant summits frown'd.

XI.

As Adlai looked upon the bay
Wide glistening in the moon-light ray,
And saw afar the haughty height
That soon should hear the deathful fight,
High o'er the floods that swept along
Their troubled current swift & strong, —
A quenchless wish arose that there
She might the scene of tumult share;
For strange emotions in her breast,
Told her that there her heart should rest,

That lull'd to slumber on that shore,
Her toils should cease forevermore;
And tho' the thought in sadness rose,
It seem'd to soothe her to repose.
--For to the wanderer who has past
O'er the dark scenes of life's rough waste,
And finds no more one earthly hope
With the tempestuous hour to cope,
'Tis sweet to think there shall be peace,
When death the spirit shall release;
'Tis sweet to think beyond the tomb
There is a clime of cloudless bloom,
Where all that rends the aching soul
In time's dark current far shall roll,
Where all on earth we lov'd & lost
Amid the ocean's surges tost,
Shall shine once more upon the eye
In light and immortality!
When those whom sorrow far has cast
Shall meet & clasp our sight at last,
When parted is the ruthless wave
That skirts the borders of the grave.

XII.

That moment the sad scene upon
The moon in cloudless lustre shone,
And floating on the wave alone
A light canoe appeared;
Dauntless she sprung to seize the prize
Ere darkness should enshroud the skies;
She push'd it from the panting shore,
And onward to the channel's roar
Her fragile vessel steer'd;
Safely the softening waves convey
That bark upon its destined way,
And where the midway current swept
Her trembling course the wanderer kept;—
Her eye was fixed upon the sky—
And pale was her cold cheek—
She look'd as one prepared to fly,
And wing her seraph flight on high,
A better clime to seek;

Wan and uncertainly as the ray
That rested on the heaving bay,
And on the mountain peak,
Save where upon her feverish brow
Suffering had left a hectic glow,
A lone – sad – pensive streak,
Like the dim cloud at gentle even,
A mist upon the face of heaven –
Telling that earth has yet a beam
Tho' faint, and weak, & distant there.

XIII.

The tide along the vessel bore,
Till pass'd it on th' opposing shore.
She knelt her on the oozy sand
And blest her God's protecting hand;
Then by the undulating strand
Her course untired she bent;
In solemn grandeur o'er her head
The lofty banks uneven spread
Their bold & steep ascent;
The rugged rocks disorder'd piled,
Frown'd o'er the wave sublimely wild,
In forms fantastic rising o'er
The busy water's murmuring shore,
Or strangely placed in uncouth rank
Along the abrupt & rugged bank,
While where they o'er the margin hung
The trees from frequent fissure sprung,
Low bending, as they strove to lave
Their branches in the rapid wave.

XIV.

She marked them not; nor pastures still,
Succeeding to that broken hill,
Where wide the landscape lay;
Nor paused she where an aged wood
In dark repose all silent stood;
Beyond its awful solitude
She yet pursued her way;

Along the margin of the cove
In winding course, her footsteps rove;
The only looked where broad & high
Mount Hauff arose in majesty,
Spreading to heaven his awful head,
In grandeur & in silence dread;
Then thro' the low and marshy ground
Her solitary pathway wound. [+]

XV.

Ere yet she reach'd the mighty hill,
She paused; — but all was mute & still,
Save the ~~wandering~~ wind's sad lullaby,
And the waves that murmured mournfully.
The moon's last beams were darting o'er
The hill and bay and darkening shore;
Upon the mountain's naked crest
Lingering awhile they faintly rest,
& tinge with lines of silver light
The woods that gloom along its height.
On distant shore, and rock, and isle,
With lovely radiance, yet they smile,
Gleam on the furthest hills which bound
The fading scene that spreads around,
With trembling ray upon the deep
That rolls below they gently sweep,
Fringe the dark clouds one moment bright
With gorgeous hues of parting light —
Then sink — and all is lost in night.

XVI.

In darkness and in doubt, she tried
The rising mountain's rugged side;
Rocky, and rough, was that ascent
To one with toil & grief o'erspent.
— She heard the startled fox's cry
Passing in sudden wailing by;
And mid the wind's deep intervals,
As murmuring round the hill its tone
Dies strangely round each summit lone,
The wolf's sad howl of darkness falls;
But human voice she heard not there —
'Twas hushed & mournful as despair;

Ev'n the red Indian's song of war
Rode not upon the wind afar,
Nor heard the sound that might portend
How this disastrous night should end.
No watchfire sparkled on the sky —
No sentry's voice arose on high —
If warriors in these shades reposed,
All were in utter silence closed,
And hostile force and armament
In one impervious gloom were blent.

XVII.

Past is the long & rocky slope —
She stands upon the mountain top,
On the bare summit ever riven
By each tempestuous gale of heaven;
And cool is now the breeze that flings
Upon that height its humid wings,
Freshening across the eastern bay,
The signal of approaching day.
--And now upon the distant sky,
Came one faint beam to Adlai's eye,
Where opening morn in sadness shone
The clouded scene of night upon;
Dimly its pale radiance kist
The vapors of the rolling mist,
And fell upon the wave below
With soft and melancholy glow.

XVIII.

Thus woke the morn; not as in bloom
Awakening lovely from the gloom,
All nature gladdening as it spread,
In light, and life, and lustre shed;
Not sporting on the gentle gale
That sweeps o'er stream & dewy dale,
Nor spreading o'er the bursting heaven
Its hues in gold and purple given.
The morning's dim & dubious ray
Pierc'd scarcely thro' the clouds of gray
That o'er the landscape hung,

And in one dismal twilight lay
O'er the wide scene, whose beauties bright
Reflected no enraptured light;—
Mute was the melody of morn,
And hush'd was nature's harp forlorn,
To no soft murmurs strung.
Yet high upon the vapory clouds,—
That pale and sorrowful like shrouds
Begirt each mountain peak,
Or rear'd above their various forms,
Still threatening earth with wrath & storms,—
Arose a doubtful streak,
As if the morning strove to rear
Some hue to shew that day was near.
Tho' faint it was & weak.
Purple it seem'd — and yet so blending
With the grey mists that were ascending,
That scarce could the observer spy
Its hue upon the murky sky;—
And a soft rosy tint was seen
At intervals the clouds between;
As changeful — as unfix'd it spread,
As the last bloom ere life is dead.
But as the light of day arose,
Those transient tints of beauty close,
And wide o'er earth, & heaving main
Descend the wreathing mists again.
Precipice long and glorious coast
In that unwelcome gloom was lost,
The verdant hills no more were seen,
Nor reared the woods their hues of green;—
When clear the sky, & all serene,
The eye would rest on these,
And o'er to ocean's rolling wave
A bright and cloudless prospect have,
Far gleaming o'er the sunny isles
That stud the water's dimpling smiles;
Or where the dying breeze
Floats on the western streams that pour

Their tides on Kanagansett's shore,
Or upward to Patuxet's side
Extend the tribute of their pride.
— But now the mist that darkled round
Gave to the prospect narrow bound,
And scarce the mountain's base beyond
Was aught distinctly seen,
Strange were the ~~forms~~ shapes that seem'd to rise
Imperfectly upon the eyes,
Behind their misty screen:
And wildered fancy here might form
The awful spirit of the storm
In all his terrors drest;
Stretching his giant arms abroad,
And thrones where footstep never trod,
Or sailing in his mighty car
O'er stormy clouds & mists afar,
Upon the tempest's breast.

XIX.

Why doth not battle's noisy note
Upon the gale of morning float?
Why sleep the sounds that were to break,
And all the mountain echoes wake?
Is the fell purpose of the night
Vanished as mounts the rising light?
Or why is all so calm & still
Around that wood & lonely hill? —
— In silence and in secret come
The foes — there swells no busy hum —
Nor to the battle beat the drum
Its long discordant roll;
On Adlai's ear no sound there fell —
No wakening war-cry's awful swell
Arose in savage howl;
Close in their tent and narrow lair
Lay the sad victims of despair;
No lengthening files their pomp displayed,
No warriors rose in might arrayed,
No token was there that could shew
That war was brooding deep below.

XX.

Still as she gazed with anxious eye
~~The scene of battle to~~
Th'expected battle to descry, onset
The breeze that in sad murmurs sighed
Now freshened from the rushing tide,
And swept the brooding mists away
That on the northern prospect lay. over
Woods, rocks, & swamp arose to view
That sad & dismal yet their hue; The
And dimly thro' the dusky tree
The English face and form she sees.
Low couched in every forest glade
Was spread their silent ambuscade,
Unseen by those their ruthless doom
Had sentenced to a bloody tomb.
While here & there along the swamp —
Lingering amid its bushes damp —
With dubious step & shrinking pace,
An Indian warrior could she trace:
Each plumed head erect & high,
Tho' hopeless was their destiny!

The attack was unexpected.

VIII.

Alas! poor wanderer of a race
Doom'd the sad path of woe to trace;
Without one beam of blessed hope,
Upon their darksome way to grope;
While every breeze but breathes of death,
Without redress from galling scathe;
— Well may he quail that sound to hear
As die its echoes on his ear,
Since even the stemest hearts may bow
When hope is chang'd to utter woe!
— Like panthee hunted to his lair,
Beset by foe's relentless snare,
Can there be aught but deep despair
In every heart & eye?
— The panther on his foes may turn —
The eagle her pursuers spurn,
And vain may be the trial rude
That dares invade their solitude, —
But these — the lords of wood & waste
Such hour of freedom may not taste;
They have no refuge & no home,
No spot in liberty to roam,
They can but meet the whelming band,
And perish with their native land,
They can but bleed & die!

IX.

Fair breathes the morn; but not for him
Its floods of golden glory swim,
The exile all forlorn;
Its beauties fall not on his eye,
Where all is wrath & agony
And vengeance rising loud & high
From bosom rent & torn.
The sea-gull skims along the wave,
Its snow-white plumage there to lave,
But rides — unmarked in all its pride
By the sad wanderer of the tide,

For other thoughts, more dread & deep
Across his mental vision sweep.
— Oh! who can tell how lone the soul
Where such dark pangs of anguish roll,
That pour intense and thrilling pain
Like vulture tyring (*) on his brain! —

X.

Leave we the hearts that thus must mourn,
The blood that boils, the brows that burn,
And to the hostile camp return,
Where still no tidings come;
And where, to wing the while time's flight away,
Some talk of many a former day,
And England's distant home;
While some, in sterner mood, prepare
The future counsels of the war.

XI.

Upon a hillock's tufted breast,
Holding no converse with the rest,
An aged man there sate;
Care seem'd enstamp'd upon his front,
As if he had endured the brunt
Of many a long and adverse fate;
And grief had driven her burning share
His heart & hopes to blast & sear,
And leave him desolate.
Full Scarce sixty winters' snows were spread
Upon his venerable head; —
But on his brow, & in his eye
There was a tameless energy,
Of mind that seem'd, as if resolv'd to bear
Its The darkest ills, without despair,
And stand aloof, unchilled by sorrow,
No cheer from earthly hope to borrow.

(*) Feeding. — An old word applied to the vulture.

And piety had lent her aid
To guide him thro' each wildering shade,
The love of peace, that led him o'er
This stormy ocean's deepest roar;
Star of his soul! in glory beaming
A light worth all earth's sweetest dreaming!

XII.

As many a busy murmur fell
Upon his scarcely conscious ear,
At times to memory audible
They told of scenes remember'd well,
And vanish'd, once however dear.
Some half-caught sentence would arouse
The troubled memory of his woes,
And wring his bleeding heart;
For tho' no vulgar eye could trace
His anguish on that furrow'd face,
Himself too sadly, deeply knew
How swift the barbed arrow flew,
How galling was its smart.
He heard them speak of distant land—
And memory with obtrusive hand
Would point his vision there;
He heard them tell of tender ties—
And the full tide of agonies
Rush'd o'er his soul — all desolate
He thought upon his earthly fate
Too hopeless for despair! —
And rais'd to heav'n th' imploring eye
To spare that pang of misery! —

XIII.

All — all came o'er his bosom lone —
A deep, involuntary groan
The inward conflict told; —
It was so strange for him to shew
Such signal of his bosom's woe,
E'en lock'd in his own majesty, —

That every speaker's anxious eye
Turn'd on that warrior old.
The trance of grief at once was broke,
And sadly thus the mourner spoke.

XIV.

"Why gaze ye thus my face upon?
Is there upon this brow distrupt
Is it so desolate and lone?
Upon these features is enstamp'd
The tale of former ardors damp'd,
Of years in awful conflict wasted,
Of hopes, & joys, & blossoms blasted?—
Hear! how few like me, thro' life have known
Their path with thorns unceasing strown,
With scarce a flower to strew my way,
Where all is darkness and decay!—
But darker had my passage been,
And dreaded life's disastrous scene,
If HE who hears the mourner's cry
Had sent no comfort from on high!
In darkest hour, He was my God—
I bless his hand—& kiss the rod!"—

XV.

Bright rose his form—and in his eye
Were fires of heavenly piety;
One glance upon the crowd he cast—
The darkness of his brow was past;
There was a flush of rapture now—
A bright—unmix'd—unearthly glow;
Yet still and changeless was his cheek,
And his dark eyes, their sternness speak;
For yet he felt that earth below
Was but a pilgrimage of woe,
That he must brace his soul to brave
The wildness of the troubled wave;—
For earth is not our place of rest,
Where sorrow must invade the breast!

XVI.

Besought him then the gathering throng
To wake the story of his wrong,
And tell how sorrow thus had shed
Her baleful shadows o'er his head.—
Off had they long'd some chance to gain
To hear this man of woe & pain
His trials dark relate;
For his stern mien — his grief commixt
With feelings all subdued — had fixt
Their interest in his fate;
For lofty sorrow's mystery
Can throbs of deepest sympathy
In every breast create;
And high commanding worth, where woe
Drives o'er the heart with ruthless flow,—
Exalted piety, unchek'd
By thought & hope & feeling wreck'd,—
The tenderest thrill must claim;
And hard the heart could turn away
From such a sight of sad decay,
And feel not one endearing ray—
One spark of generous flame!

XVII.

Like lightning from the summer heaven
Thro' him one dreadful pang seem'd riven—
As if the thought of days gone by
Had risen again disastrously—
As if the griefs he once had seen
Again upon his heart had been.
Brief was the pang — his troubled eye
Once more assum'd its majesty,
And deep & stern the accents fell,
As thus began the mournful tale.

XVIII.

FITZGERALD'S HISTORY.

"There was a time, I had not borne
Thus to recount my woes;
(Such deed my suffering heart had torn alter
With unrelenting throes;)
But rolling years to deepest grief
Will bring a kind of dull relief,
A semblance of repose;
A wild monotony of pain,
Like dreams of sorrow's sickly train.
And heaven in mercy hath bestow'd 410
Its aid to ease my heavy load,
And bear my failing spirit on,
Till earth & all her scenes are gone!

XIX.

"Nor deem that in maturer age
Her warfare grief began to wage;
Even in my childhood's rising hour
I felt the scourging of her power,
(And ventur'd on the sea of life) alter.
Amid its billows' reckless strife.
The father, who my childhood blest— 420 Till
The mother, on whose welcome breast
I oft was lull'd to sleep—
Both perish'd, ere my heart could tell
The loss of those I lov'd so well,
Or know my sorrow deep;—
Oh! that in after years of grief alter
I could have felt that sadness brief
Which infancy bestows!
would Oh! that my heart, however wrung,
To hope's sweet comfort could have clung, 43
Amid severer woes!
For wilder hours of quenchless sorrow
Have bade me nought from hope to borrow

The heart that builds not upon hope
Shall in no future darkness grope;
The heart that gives its hopes to air
Need fear no earthquake of despair; (+)
But hope and fear alike for me
Have vanish'd wild & deathfully! —

XX.

"I had a brother whom I lov'd — 440
The only kindred death had left —
And woe our mutual friendship prov'd,
Of those who cherish'd us bereft.
I lov'd him — and he clung to me,
Tho' nearly young & weak as he;
For friends were cold — & coldness made
Us seek each other's feeble aid;
And oft together would we mourn
Our days that never could return,
And weep for those that memory still 450
To our young bosoms would reveal,
Or wander to their sepulchre —
For all we lov'd was resting there;
And wipe each others' tears away,
And watch, & weep again, & pray, till
I'll ~~seem'd~~ o'er our youthful hearts was shed
A fellow feeling with the dead.

XXI.

"Thus past our few first years away; —
Then broke a more disastrous day.
(However we once had been delighted) 460
To rove — tho' e'en in grief — united,
We now were doom'd awhile to part;
Deep sorrow rent each sever'd heart,
And sad forebodings of our fate
Seem'd rising drear & desolate.
— We parted — I was left alone —
With EDWIN all ~~my joy~~ of life was gone!

XXII.

"But seldom heard I of his lot —
Yet néer our friendship I forgot;
And often I retrac'd each scene
Where once our wandering steps had been;
And shed, how many a burning tear
At memory of a love so dear!
— But now, to blast the realm's repose,
The banner of dark discord rose,
And friends became each others' foes,
In that unnatural war; — (+)
My soul was young — untutor'd then
In all the evil ways of men, —
And liberty's insulted name
Set my fond bosom in a flame
The field of blood to share; ++
For youthful dreams will e'en deceive, (+)
And youthful bosoms still believe,
When passion has the sway;
Alas! that time can but disclose
The snares that trap our souls repose
In youth's misguided day,
When wisdom learns too late to shun
The ills by which we were undone, —
In age's dim decay.
— My friends were few; & these, misled
By bigot zeal, conspir'd to shed
By every plea their art could bring,
On me the hopes whose nurturing
Arm'd my too hasty hand;
To their wild cause I dared to cling,
And sought to raise against my king
The parricidal brand!

XXIII.

"It boots not now with pains to tell
Of all that in that war befel;

How king and state with various chance
Encounter'd each the other's lance;
How bleeding forth from every pore
Our country weltered in her gore;
When every gale that swept the sky
Told but of war's deep revelry; —
When love & faith were cast away
For hate & treachery's recreant day;
When e'en the brother had embrued
His hands amid his brother's blood;
The parent wept no more his son,
In that accursed strife undone; (+)
For all were hostile — all arose
To fill the cup of England's woes!

XXIV.

"At length, on Naseby's fatal plain (+)
Our ranks were marshall'd once again.
With hearts of hate, & souls of fire, rock
We mingled in that conflict dire;
And many an eye was clos'd that day,
Where carnage triumph'd in his way.
Afar, upon my eager sight
Did Charles and Rupert urge the fight; —
I followed Cromwell's high command
Where Langdale plac'd his shatter'd band,
And vainly strove to check the tide
That all his vigilance defied.
He fled — we follow'd, as afar
He drew his Legion from the war.
— Fill'd with the frenzy of the day,
I rang'd upon a straggler's way,
And thro' a thicket's tangled path
I chas'd him in my reckless wrath: —
Worn down with toil — each gaping wound
Dying with blood the verdant ground —

He sunk beneath the ~~adjacent~~ sloping —
He turn'd — it was my EDWIN's form! —

XXV.

"I shriek'd — upon his ear it fell —
That voice remembered, ~~all~~ too well!
Upon me turn'd his glazing eye —
So fondly — ~~sweetly~~ — mournfully —
That I had given worlds that then
My Edwin might but live again,
And those fond hours of pleasure past
Awake from time's oblivious waste! —
I knelt upon the sod beside —
To staunch his gushing wounds I tried —
I bore him in my arms, & gave
To his parch'd lips the runnel's wave.
Life just awoke for him to say
What brought him to that dark affray,
Strength just remained for him to tell
One last — one sad — one long farewel —
Forgiveness lingered in his eye
As death's dim shadows flitted by —
He blest me with his quivering lips —
Then — oh! how deep that dark eclipse! —

XXVI.

"I fled the war forevermore —
My party & my cause forswore;
By blood & war no longer pi'd
To a far valley I retir'd,
To spend my life's remaining years
In sorrow's melancholy tears. —
Time gave relief; — I lov'd — was blest
With one of pure & ~~lovely~~ saintly breast,
And deem'd that now in tranquil rest
My life should wane away;
One infant dear to us was given,

And sweetly shone the fav'ring heaven
Upon each gliding day; —
But she I lov'd, at last was taken —
I thought again I was forsaken!
And that no longer could awaken
One hope — one cheering ray!
The star that blest my life was dead —
Where could I rest mine aching head? —

XXVII.

"I left the land — my daughter bore
Thro' ocean's wild & stormy roar,
And rested on the western shore;
And here at least I deem'd
That far from trouble's howling blast
I might in quiet rest at last;
Yet vainly then I dream'd;
The daughter, in whose radiant face
My Mary's features I could trace,
The daughter, whom I ever prest
Close to this sad & wasted breast —
She — she has left her sire!
An Indian woo'd her from her home
Lawless mid wilds & woods to roam! —
Where should I turn? or where direct
My gaze — in hope & promise wreck'd? —
Then welcome battle's fire!
Welcome the day of dark emprize,
When war, enkindling to the skies
Can every heart inspire;
I can but perish, now that fate
Hath left me thus — thus desolate —
I can but there expire!" —

XXVIII.

Pity, and grief, and sympathy,
Had fill'd with tears the glistening eye
Of each that watch'd around;
But scarce he cleared, when o'er the plain
Two fiery horsemen rode amain
As if with tidings bound;
Their plumage torn — their bridles red —
With gore upon each courser's head —
Their garments soil'd & smear'd, as tho'
Just hurrying from some battle's glow, —
With speed they hastened on;
The startled warriors sprung to hear
If tidings or of joy or fear,
Spoke in such hurried tone:
The riders there their horses staid, —
And thus the elder warrior said.

XXIX.

— "Fear not, for all is well; and we
Bring the high tale of victory,
For heaven who guards us in the fight
Hath blest our enterprise tonight. —
— 'Twas dark — except the gentle ray
That beam'd along the moon's blue way,
All nature seem'd around us sleeping,
The billows on the sand were weeping,
And as we wandered on the shore,
Marking the waves' continued roar,
We to the camp resolv'd, ere morn
Should on us break again, to return; —
When sudden on the bank we trode
His form a Southern Indian shewed;
Scarce could his hurried voice declare
The errand that had brought him there;
He bade us make no more delay,
But follow on his tangled way
To meet the band he should betray,
Who even now, he said,

Perhaps were on their deed of doom
In the deep forest's darkest gloom;
And then our path he led
Thro' many a thicket's depth profound,
And many a tangled glade,
While scarcely rose a single sound
Amid the horrid shade.

XXX.

"Still on we went; but yet there rose
To meet our view no Indian foes,
And ev'n our mute & trembling guide
Seem'd doubtful, sad, & terrified.
Upon the borders of the wood
At length in dubious halt we stood;
The waves were flowing fair & clear,
The moon had raised her silver sphere;
I deem'd the savage had betrayed
Our footsteps to this distant glade;
But he with fearless accent told
That a Mohegan, high & bold,
Incensed for blood of kindred shed,
And for a brother slain,
Burning for vengeance on the head
Of him who wrought such pain,
Had sent him, tidings to convey,
And bring us on our foeman's way.
— Another pause of dreary length —
When hark! a shriek of horrid strength
Burst on our startled ears;
We hurried where the sound arose;
And by the shore, a band of foes
In act of flight appears;
One — half-reluctant — seem'd to bear
Within his arms a female fair —
Another strove to hurry on
The lady to the shore —
They had upon the wave been gone
In but a moment more! —

Upspringing our guide — his musket-shot
Full levelled stretched upon the spot
The pioneer of the two;
The other gave a shout of joy
And to the thicket hurried by,
While we rushed fiercely thro';
Not long upon the shore we fought;
A few the heaving waters sought,
But all that struggled there beside
Upon that horn of horror died.

XXXI.

"When sunk the thunders of the fight,
Borne by the Indian, on our sight
Again the lady came;
'Twas the Mohegan chief, whose ire
Had sought our desolating fire,
To soothe his heart of flame;
But of the lady — on whose cheek
The moon beams fell, as if to seek
A light congenial to their own,
So pale — so soft — so sad — so lone, —
No hints we gain'd, why thus conveyed
In night, & mystery, and shade; —
"Where is my babe?" — the only word
That from her quivering lips we heard;
But 'twas so wild, it gave a thrill
To every bosom, deep & chill.

XXXII.

"But haste we on. The chieftain told
Where Philip keeps his simple hold;
Ere now, by Hawk's wild fastnesses,
The bloody beast of murder is; — (†)
Then straight we hurried to declare
Such welcome tidings of the war;
This very night our feet should trace
The tyrant to his lurking place;

This very night our swords should scare
This monster from his secret lair; —
Awake — oh sword of Israel wake —
And vengeance on the heathen take!" —

XXXIII.

The war cry spread; from every tongue
A wild confused uproar rung;
On every side was heard on high —
— "To arms — to arms — to victory!" —
Fitzgerald only did not share
In the loud peal of rapture there,
For dark forebodings sadly rose
As fell the speaker's glowing close;
But soon he part such feelings by;
And mingled in the general cry,
That now with louder sound ascended,
And with the trump's shrill echoes blended;
Till the chief captain of the band
Waved all to silence with his hand,
And thus to fiercer ardors woke
The flame of fury that had broke.

XXXIV.

— "This night we march — this night we cross
Despite of danger, pain, or loss,
To track the panther to his den,
The Rebel to his lonely glen. (+)
The curse of heaven is on his heart —
And shall he from his foeman part?
The treacherous spoiler shall be spoil'd, (+)
The wary serpent shall be foil'd,
Tho' in his darkest corner coil'd,
And dash'd to dust again;
For HE, whose name his impious tongue
Has mock'd all wantonly thus long,
Shall not look down in vain;

The hand, that quench'd the hostile fires,
And sav'd from murder's black desires. (+)
I shall not be now withheld; —
Have ye not known, that since the hour,
When to their dark, relentless power
Their sacrifice they yell'd,
No gleamings of success have shone
Their spent and scatter'd bands upon? (+)
And shall not he — the worst of all —
Who still, unmindful of a fall,
Owns the dark wiles of hell —
Shall not the damned tyrant sink,
Tottering upon destruction's brink,
As Nanuntemo fell? (+)
The courses of the stars shall fight
Against this murderer of the night; (+)
Woe! to the devastator, woe!
Confusion on the fainting foe!
The Lord shall hew the mighty down,
The haughty from his rebel throne!"—

XXXV.

Loud rung the wild applause. Again
arose the burning speaker's strain. —
— "Let us not rest — arouse in wrath,
And thunder on his bloody path.
The sword of vengeance & of death,
Must not now slumber in its sheath;
For heaven itself directs our way,
And points us to the battle's day!
Up — shall we sleep — when loudly cries
The voice of martyrs' agonies,
Torture'd by every horrid art
To tear their saviour from their heart? (+)
Hark! where their innocent blood was spilt,
It comes for vengeance on such guilt! —
The bloody rites that mock the sun
Proclaim the work of death undone;

Read —

Returned to Mr Browne
52 words struck out

The Æronaut

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a moral essay
on Benevolence

Of all the amiable virtues which adorn and dignify humanity, benevolence may be reckoned the most enchanting and least deleterious. If people only knew how pleasant & agreeable the exercise of this virtue was

they would surely practise it more, & not be hoarding up all their money in their chests; but would dispense small donations to unfortunate persons, & give away all the cold victuals that was left after dinner, to indigent paupers.

It is one of the most agreeable spectacles in the works of nature to see a benevolent man sally forth on a cold winter's day, and go about the streets giving alms to lame beggars, and persons deprived of their eyes and limbs; also to see him going down in to a cold, dirty cellar, to relieve the necessitous

situation of starving individuals.
The soup house is a valuable
institution on this account.
I have often visited this establish-
ment; and never did I feel my
bosom swell with kindlier emotions
toward my fellow beings, than when
I saw this agreeable beverage dealed
out to the hungry & needy. And
I have no doubt that the blessings
and prayers of the poor wretches
thus relieved from starvation, will
ascend far before the supplications
of the well fed & fat bellied
priest, who gets paid for reading
prayers out of a book which he does
make one a week, & giving them

peoples sermons, which it is very improper to do.

Many people object to giving charity, becaus there are so many improper objects. which is no excuse for keeping their money, when they might put it into the savings society, and let it run on interest in the savings banks, to buy wood for distressed objects. Or they might purchase clothes to put on the naked vagabonds when it is very indelicate to let go about the city, exposing those parts which decency requires should be covered.

The Society for the prevention of Pauperism is a middling good sort of a thing. But I think they

take more pains to make a show and a flourish, than to relieve the afflicted paupers, which is not right. Besides they go the wrong way to work, for instead of giving money to paupers & so making them no paupers and thus prevent pauperism, they begin by counting up all the grog shops in the city, and saying what a fine thing it would be to take away the licenses from one half of them; but this would merely be increasing, instead of diminishing the number of paupers, which also is not right.

The Society for the relief of poor widows with small children is also a good thing; but I think

it is incorrect to make an invi:
:dious distinction between those
who have babies, and those who
have not; because it is encoura:
:ging population among the poor,
and increasing the number of
paupers. Many poor widows
will in this account get small
children, to excite compassion
which is highly immoral, and
ought not to be tolerated in a
Christian land.

I think, from the foregoing remarks
the reader must be convinced that
benevolence ought to be propagated
and encouraged as much as possible
in our land. I shall now proceed
to depict in a short manner the
character of a truly benevolent
person.

He will not be seen dancing at an assembly in a cold night, rigged off with useless finery, when he might sell his breeches and give the proceeds to the poor. On a Sunday, he puts a shilling in the plate and sometimes a fifteen or two shillings. He is very affable to poor negroes, and wears an insinuating smile on his features, by which you may know him a good way off. He acquires a habit of putting his hands in his breeches pocket, to feel what he has for the needy; & is very particular in relieving the distresses of poor widows. When he has an old coat which will not hang together any longer, & which no old clothes man

will give him a copper for; he always gives it away to some poor man. If any sick man happens to lose any article of value, & he chances to find it, he always appropriates it, in order that he may be the better enabled to perform his deeds of charity. When he receives money he always looks a little at it & if a shilling, to see that it is good, lest perchance when he has given it to a distressed object, he may be the unwitting cause of having him put in the State Prison for counterfeiting. In short, his bowels are continually moved by the peristaltic motion of benevolence.

THE

AERONAUT

Mirabile videtur, quod non videat haruspex, cum haruspicem viderit.

Cic. De N. D.

That literature and the arts can never be cultivated to any extent of importance, without the serious and continued patronage of the wealthy and powerful, is a truth conceded by all who ever thought on the subject. In the United States, there is but one channel in which patronage is exerted, or indeed

can be, in the cultivation of sanctity connected with letters - and that channel is the Church -

There are no men of exceedingly large fortunes in the country; and when they have alms to bestow, give it to institutions for the poor, or to missionary societies - The merchant a broker, who has toiled all his life in getting money has only secured a competency for his family. Men who follow the professions of Law and Physic, if they attain any success in their pursuits, have no leisure to devote to classical acquisitions. Many no doubt, occasionally seek rational relaxation and amusement, in the company of the ancient authors - But from defects, or total deficiency in their early education, they can acquire no critical knowledge of the languages of old, and of course no accurate perception of the beauties of ancient writers - Of course they add nothing to the stores of time, and nothing to the literary

reputation of the county. On the contrary, being looked upon as learned men, by the rest of the community who are utterly ignorant, and believing themselves what they are told by others, their exertions only contribute to keep that stagnant mediocrity of information, in morality and literature incapacity of motion, which overspreads the dead level of our republican intellect.

It is lamentable to reflect on the cruel waste of time committed by our clergy, from their youth upwards. They have none of the excuses to make which are so apt and spontaneous in the mouths of others. From seven years of age to fourteen, some of them are engaged in studying Latin and Greek at school; from fourteen to eighteen, they spend their time at college. Then three or four more years are devoted to the study of divinity, which involves an acquaintance

with the tongues in which the Holy Scriptures were immediately embodied from the dictates of original inspiration; as well as with the language of the best critics and commentators.

By this time, one would think, they might have become excellent scholars in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Even if placed in a situation, where their stipend was small, their additional means of improvement still less, and their opportunities of collision with men of learning none, still they must become wise, by constantly thinking of what they have already gained, and every day meeting with some other point in their examination of Holy writ, which required elucidation from extraneous sources. How many of the greatest scholars the world ever saw, laid the groundwork of their fame amid all the embarrassments of poverty, solitude and labor. How many a curate is at this moment starving on twenty pounds a year, amid the poor, taxed,

imprisoned, transported, emigrated and massacred yeomanry of England, who would put to utter shame and confusion, the whole body of American divines, "from Maine to Georgia, from the shore of the Atlantic, to the banks of the Mississippi!"

But among the sectarians of this country, a clergyman of talents is almost sure of a good congregation and niche salary. Few of them are overburthened with parochial duties, and some of them content themselves with preaching twice on Sunday. This labor on the whole, amounts at most to writing one sermon a week: but many trust to their memory and practice, and preach ex-tempore. They have therefore many hours in every day, to devote to learning, properly so called. Instead of this, they remain satisfied with their meagre store, which is daily diminishing; go on pilfering from and garbling modern commentators; rolling in conceited, superlative ignorance; and leaving

behind them no memorial either of their piety or their knowledge. Talent however, of course developes itself among them, but generally, in a manner unworthy of itself? It appears in the rankness of controversial disputes, not illuminated by the blaze of information, brought to bear upon the contested point, but merely supported by obtuseness, and metaphysical subtlety: among the young, it appears occasionally in glimmerings of imagination, and strains of heart searching eloquence; in ingenious arguments in favour of particular tenets: but after all that can be said in their favor, the fact remains undisputed, that there is no learning among the Presbyterian clergy.

And, with a few exceptions, in what a far more lamentable plight are their Episcopal brethren! Their bald and naked remarks would no

doubt shock the pious consciences of many of the fraternity, who believe that their Church is all perfect in itself, and attaches perfection to all that appertains to it. "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true"; but a more melancholy set of views lightened upon us, it would be hard for the whole civilised globe to produce.

There are some Episcopal establishments among us, well endowed with lands and funds, supporting several ministers, whose duty is of the lightest order. — Among them we might reasonably look to see men eminently distinguished for their classical and critical knowledge. By their connection with, and influence in Academic institutions, it is in the power of the Ecclesiastical and temporal officers of these churches, to provide themselves with well educated men of talents? Why do they not do it? Why do they bolster up in their pulpits when to whom even the Old

Testament in the original is like so much heathen Greek; men who follow blindly the dogmas of those by whose authority they are stuck up as apologists for parsons, and who cannot give a rational account of the grounds of their own belief in Christianity; men who rule and puke a few staggering sentences by way of a sermon on the amiability of virtue, and the heinousness of vice, without even seriously understanding the essential difference between good and evil?

Why do they do this? Because it is maintained by their high priest and legislator, that learning quenches piety; and that the qualification of condition in a divine, is a superstition of the dark ages of evangelism.

From such apostles O ye mitred heads
Preserve the church—

we were going to exclaim;—but unhappily the mitred heads themselves are the persons in fault. The appeal must be to the common sense of the people. Why do they put themselves to any expence in maintaining a system

of lazy dances, when they might have a person to read prayers for a trifle, and buy a volume of good sermons for their own edification?

It cannot be seriously needful to refute the childish dogma, that learning quenches faith. Does St. Paul less shine, because he spoke many languages, quoted Euripides and the philosophers, and had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel? (This Gamaliel, as a methodistic minister in this city, recently informed his flock, was a high mountain in Judea.) Were the ancient fathers less pious, because they built up the foundation laid by apostles and prophets, with material gathered from all the preceding ages? Have the long line of illustrious English divines been less pious, because by their profound research and indefatigable labours, they have withstood at once the bulwark of learning, religion and government; perpetuating from generation to generation, the wisdom

which polishes, the creed which sanctifies and the polity which protects their country, against all the encroachments of ignorance, atheism and ochlocracy, three daemons which were spawned at one birth? how Calvin professions, because he was the most learned man of his age?

Can he be called a Physician who does not understand the terms of his profession, taken from other languages - Can any one be a Lawyer without knowing the meaning of legal expressions? Or can any one be a Divine, who is obliged to pin his faith on others, (who were all interested for their own sect in the interpretation they give to words and phrases) — who is unable to refer to the original of the Scriptures, find out the meaning of words, and collate passages, when he attempts to prove to his hearers the truth of a doctrine? And again, how can a knowledge of any language, but above all of the Greek, be acquired, without reading its different authors, to ascertain the various meanings of

word, and the force of peculiar construc-
tion and collocation? The whole of the
Sacred authors should be read by every
Clergyman, who means to discharge
his duty to his own conscience and
his flock; since by carefully compar-
ing their style with that of the in-
cited writings, and in no other way
can he be perfectly sure that he is
not preaching a cunningly devised
fable; and imposing, awfully impos-
ing on himself and others.

What is unassisted piety to do,
when the strength of learning is now
decidedly in the hands of those repro-
bate schismatics of our country, who deny
the divinity of Christ? Will clamour
drivelling about the Church and the
Bishop, and forty common places, and
unmeaning anathemas secure the out-
works of the true faith, against the
undermining progress of that creed, which
under the mask of Christianity, begins
in Deism and ends in Atheism.

The immediate object of these remarks is however intended to confine to the injury done to the cause of learning by them, in whose power alone it is to patronize its progress, and to give America a literary character. They will have a heavy account to settle with Heaven and religion, if they go on as they have done, from bad to worse; - building churches, not to promote the interest of the Gospel, but them of their own interest and dominion; and ordaining incompetent persons, not to preach the Gospel, but to inoculate the land with ignorance and conceit. These few plain and practical remarks we wish might serve as an introduction to some more elaborate exposition, of the ignorance and immorality of the American Clergy.